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"How Green Are Thy Leaves"

By William Dunseath Eaton

Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

Such remuneration as may be had for playing good music in a great public house—mainly liquid and seldom in any medium of exchange

THIS being a true story and the personages real, I will give them fictitious names, and leave you to place the scene wherever you please. It happened—the main part of it, I mean—in a city having a considerable number of Norwegians. It might have been Winnipeg, but it was not. Anyway, the locality does not matter. The story could have grown anywhere. Its humanity would be the same.

One of these Norwegians was my friend. Being of gentle derivation, he was much looked up to by the others. He was a lawyer and had a sort of headship in their affairs. My own occasions took me to his town from time to time, and always then I visited with him. In this way I came to know Bjork.

BJORK'S father had been a colonel in the Norwegian army, and an uncle was a bishop. Bjork was an engaging youth of high promise. In even the days of his decay, when first I met him in my friend's office, he had the air and manner native to his class the world over, an indefinable quality that cannot be acquired. The family looked for great things from him. His uncle decided upon the church and they sent him to the University at Christiania. Here he developed the tendencies that later burgeoned into scandal. He was a mad wag. There was not a touch of evil in him, but a sense of humor and a disregard for the conventions that outran the most daring among the other mad wags of his association, brought him a reputation that grew. By the time he was twenty-one or thereabout, his name was first to suggest itself when anything disconcerting exploded under public notice. The whole city knew him; the censorious with grim expectation of something worse always to come, the indulgent with quiet amusement. My friend told me many tales about him.

In the winter over there it used to be common for anyone contemplating a journey by sleigh to advertise for someone else with similar purpose to make it in company, and so reduce expense for both. It was one of Bjork's whimsies to answer these advertisements on the chance of now and then getting a rise out of the advertisers. In this way he contributed occasionally to public gaiety, and no harm done. But once he went too far.

AN ELDERLY unmarried woman of high social position, large means and frugal mind, sought by publicity to attract a companion for a trip of some length. Bjork waited until three o'clock next morning before he answered the appeal, in person, by rousing the household with a clamorous attack upon the knocker, refusing to talk with anyone but the lady herself, and finally succeeded in evoking her—hastily enveloped, shivering and alarmed. He opened the conference with gravity, and asked if the advertisement regarding the trip were genuine.

She said it was.

"Do I understand, then, that you really intend this journey?"

"I do — yes," said she. "What is it? What is wrong?"

"Nothing as yet, madame. It is my purpose to see that nothing shall go wrong."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You desire a companion?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I advertised for one?"

"Pardon, Madame, but I am constrained to ask a very pointed question. Are you unmarried?"

"Of course I am. Everyone knows that."

"In that case, Madame, I regret exceedingly to say that under no compulsion could I be forced to accompany you. I have a character."

He had. And it was emphasized that day when the furious old girl screamed the story to the authorities, who had trouble enough getting her quieted.

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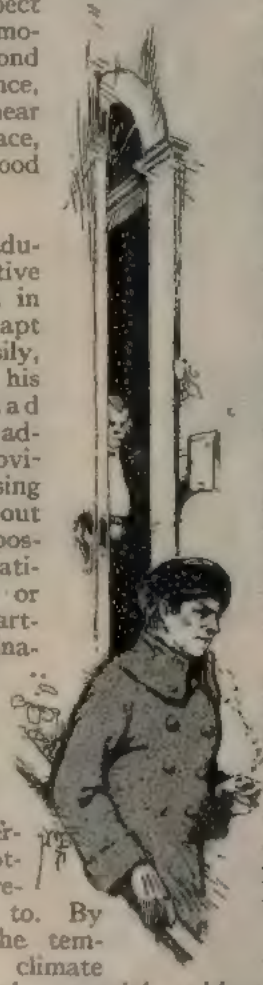
AGAIN, when he was visiting his reverend uncle, who lived in Christiania and was called away upon some diocesan concerns, Bjork had up to the house some of the wildest blades of his acquaintance, in the university and out of it. They ragged the butler into horrified submission and ravaged the old gentleman's bins of their best wines, and held uproarious high jinks, with the windows all alight and a crowd in the street, for two glorious nights. The afternoon of the third day home came his lordship, and in wrath awakened as many as he could from their repose on floor and furniture, and went for Bjork with cold fury.

"My butler tells me a fine tale, Nephew," said he. "I absent myself from home on affairs of the church, and when I return what do I find? I find that my house has become a place of debauchery, drunkenness, all ungodliness, a sty of filthy swine. I find—"

Bjork stopped him there. The jig was up, and he knew it.

"Uncle!" came from him with surprise and sorrow. "Uncle! If that is the case, you cannot expect me to stay in it another moment. I am shocked beyond expression. I leave at once, in the hope that I may hear better things of this place, and that right soon. Good day!"



His father and uncle fared him forth upon an understanding he would not return

THINGS of this sort gradually exerted a cumulative effect upon his position in the family. He was apt enough and learned easily, but duty sat loosely on his shoulders, and he had youth's love of life and adventure. At last improvidence and the unceasing necessity for being helped out of trouble made him impossible, or at least, incompatible with peace, dignity or financial ease; and heart-hurt, but without comminations, his father and his uncle fared him forth into the universe with money enough to give him a start toward prosperity or the dogs, as destiny might see fit; and upon an understanding, cheerfully accepted, that he would not return unless he were asked to. By way of Iceland, where he temporarily softened the climate though he failed to find congenial company, he came up the St. Lawrence, and then by degrees, finding compatriots more settled and thriving in the western provinces, he strayed farther and farther along until he alighted from the brake-rods in the city of this story, and came upon my friend the very first day.

They had known each other in boyhood. Their fathers had been friends and neighbors. They had seen nothing of each other from their early teens, for my friend's family (let us call him Fahnjelm) had realized an opportunity and come across the seas to their own advantage, and had risen to local prominence in the new land. But Fahnjelm had faintly heard of him now and then, and took him up now he was there. Much good it does to take up a wild bird like that. Bjork himself had innate pride, but no profession. He would not sponge, but he knew no work that he could do. So gradually he drifted along at odd jobs until finally his skill at the piano landed him such remuneration as may be had for playing good music in a great public house, which remuneration was mainly liquid and seldom in any medium of exchange.

THE proprietor of this place was a Norwegian also, by name Matthiesen, or something like that, and he knew Bjork's people, and that Bjork was a gentleman, and as such must not be allowed to starve. So he fixed him up a bed and some other necessaries in a little room at the back that had been used for storage of odd articles,. and handed him occasional small change, not in charity, for gentlemen must not be treated on any such level as that; but as a return for such entertainment as his musical attainments might enable. It was a good thing for Matthiesen. Bjork was a draw. The customers liked him in the degree commoners may like a gentleman, and they appreciated his music. He had the folk songs of all Scandinavia, and he played Grieg like an angel. He had found his place in the world.

It was not a good place for such an one as he. Too easily he fell into acceptance of its sordid conditions; and all too easily he took his liquid remuneration with increasing volume, and let himself slide into a blousy, shabby state, inducing dropsy. He would call upon Fahnjelm when his needs grew very sharp, but it was always the call of a friend upon a friend, with easy conversation in the vein of cultivated minds, of men of the world, gradually and skilfully guided to a point of touch, and touching that point gracefully, no sense of obligation being implied on either side. Fahnjelm is too true a soul to take another at a value less than the full measure of his intrinsic worth. He never hastened Bjork's advance to the touching point, never treated it as other than the most natural thing in life, and never referred to it again.

LAST time I saw Bjork was when a Christmas day was drawing near. We had become well enough acquainted to free my presence of any restraint he might have felt with another sort of stranger in his artistic approach to a temporary accommodation. This time he charmed me. For the moment he was himself, unpolluted, clear-eyed and fluent of beautiful imaginings.

"It is the spirit of the season," he said, in quaintly accented English. I wish I could reproduce that accent. It was exotic in a delicate way, not a bit like the Svensk of Ole and Jan—the precise speech of one who had learned the language at school. It could not be put on paper. He grew dreamy and eloquent as his mind went back to the Christmas times at home, in the land that has given the great festival so many of its beautiful customs, where the finest fancies of the old Norse paganisms are woven into Christian observance and tradition. He looked into the fire and his voice was low.

"Christmas, Fahnjelm—Olaf, my friend, think of it—Christmas in Norway. You have seen it. Can't you see it now? The steely blue sky and the great round moon queening the stars that quiver over the dark pine woods. Moonlight and starlight on the snow in Norway, Christmas Eve, and from the windows of the house a warm red falling on the snow, streaming out over the road, and sounds of glad voices and the laughter of children from inside the house, where all the souls are happy. And down the road the sound of bells on horses and the laughter of young men and women, happy in the love time of all the world, happy in their warm-blooded youth, out there in the sharp, sweet air, under the Christmas moon. Olaf, don't you remember the spirit of kindness, of thoughtful care for all living things that is the breath of the Christmas spirit in the old country? How none shall suffer, nor go cold nor hungry in those blessed hours? How the farmer strews grain for the birds of the air that they may feed and be content in the hour of the Great Nativity? And the housewife puts pans of milk under the floors of the barns, that the stray cat may drink and be satisfied on the holy night? And the young men and boys put fresh leaves up under the eaves, where the swallows live, that they may make more warm their little homes, for the Christ-time—ah!

IT IS far away, Olaf. You may see it again, but I will, never. My end shall be here, before another Christmas comes, I think. I sit before your fire as the daylight goes down, and I think of the old land where I was born, a strange bird in the home nest. You know, Olaf. I was not like the others. I was not so good. I was too conscious of my strength of wing, I too dearly loved to fly, not always straight, as a good bird should. And so by counsel of the other birds that I was so unlike, I took wing, and away, a long flight, over land and sea, until here I fluttered down, wing-weary, with storm beaten feathers, a sorry bird indeed.

"Olaf, the farm boys were kind to the poor birds out in the cold on Christmas Eve. You will be no less thoughtful of the bird that sits before your fire now, I am sure. There will be something coming after Christmas—"

I thought I were better out of that for the moment, and I left them there together.

I HEARD the rest of it from Matthiesen two days later. He came into Fahnjelm's office and told us about it, solemnly, heavily, deeply moved, but trying to hold himself in. Close association with Bjork had bred in him an admiration that knew no bounds. To his dull mind, Bjork had become one "crowned with stars, hymned by angels, a very saint of dreams". This is what he said in a dialect too broad for reproduction:

"Christmas was yesterday, and Bjork is dead. He died in the morning. Christmas Eve he sang and played for us, but he was not well, and he got drunk and I put him to bed about two o'clock. You know he had dropsy. I was uneasy about him and I called up Doctor Kleene, and the Doctor came to see him. He came out in a little while and he said to me:

"'Matthiesen, he will not see another Christmas. He may not see another day. He would not go to hospital like I wanted him because he said he was not born for the clinic and he would get well anyway, or die. Dying would not scare him, he said, for that is a thing that to all men will come when it will come, and so, what matter? I have noticed lately a rising suffusion. It is to-night very near his heart. When it reaches the heart he will breathe once, and then no more. Better watch him.'

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The Human Side of Shrapnel

Wherein we read of a brave man, his great invention and its resulting victory

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs

TO hint that shrapnel has a human side is to test the credence of the average person to the breaking point, for it looms large in the mind of the world to-day as one of the most effective, inhuman, man-killing projectiles yet devised. It is the weapon with which all the fighting nations are most heavily armed; it is the weapon which all the fighting nations most urgently need. It sweeps the field of battle like a hot lead blast, and its echoes throb over great stretches of blood-soaked territory, through Governmental contracts into the blare and stench, the infernal rattle and din of munition factories which have superseded machine shops in every land.

Shrapnel! Shrapnel! Shrapnel! The name is peppered throughout the columns of every newspaper, most despatches, many cables. It is on the lips of persons who had scarcely heard the word until the beginning of the Great War, and so little is actually known of it that one constantly hears the question,

"Why *'shrapnel'?*"

For exactly the same reason that Marconi is marconi and Maxim is maxim. It is called after its inventor and therefore it has a very human side. Added to which, its military side comes before us with startling prominence at the present, for Maxim and Shrapnel are chiefly responsible for the invisible warfare now in progress—the endless meandering lines of trenches which tunnel and burrow through the earth from the Swiss border straight across to Flanders.

HENRY SHRAPNEL was an Englishman, despite the statement of many would-be Wiseacres who invest him with a German birthright.

He could point back to famous ancestry, being descended from the General Shrapnel who fought under the Duke of Monmouth when he led his rebellion against James II., in 1685. And prying further back through the darkened centuries, we find that Richard Le Scrope, a Norman and first Baron Le Scrope of Bolton, was a many times great uncle of Henry Shrapnel. Baron Le Scrope was the first Lord Chancellor of England, and was banished from office because he tried to restrict the expenditure of Richard II. Greater calamity befell the family when the Baron's eldest son, William, was executed by Henry IV., in 1399, for abetting the frivolous and extravagant Richard in his numerous peccadilloes. And following the descendants through further vicissitudes, no less able an authority than Shakespeare records how Henry Le Scrope third Baron of Masham, a trusted favourite of Henry V., was beheaded at Southampton on the eve of the King's departure for France, having been found guilty of conspiring against his monarch.

At Bradford-on-Avon, in the historic county of Wiltshire, Henry Shrapnel was born (1761), the youngest of Zachariah and Lydia Needham Shrapnel's nine children. His boyhood was probably not unlike that of the average English youngster, who left the nursery for school, fagged for a hero, was in turn fagged for, and to whom cricket and the holidays were the most important events in a healthy young life. At the age of eighteen he received a commission in the Royal Artillery as 2nd Lieutenant, and from this appointment until his death in 1842 his efforts toward the improvement of the Service were unceasing.

HIS elder brother made something of a reputation for himself in the Navy, fighting under Nelson on the "Victory," and later being given command of H. M. S. "Orange." But we know little of the rest of the men, for they all died at comparatively early ages without children, and thus Henry, the youngest born, became the head of the Shrapnel family.

His eldest sister Elizabeth, marrjed the Rev. William Warren, whose grandson, John Shrapnel Warren, is, I believe, the present rector of Willoughby Alford, Lincolnshire. His youngest sister Rachel, married a clergyman also—the Rev. Thomas Tregenna Biddulph, and their grandson was the late Sir Michael Shrapnel Biddulph, G.C.B., some of whose titles were Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Groom-in-waiting to the Queen, Keeper of the Regalia, etc.

Henry Shrapnel married on the 5th of May, 1810, Miss Esther Squires. Of their four children, the eldest was best known—Major Henry Needham Scrope Shrapnel, a graudate of Cambridge, and also a member of the Service. He was Captain of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, later Major, and Barrackmaster in Ireland, Bermuda, Halifax and Montreal. After a lengthy military career, he chose the picturesque little town of Orillia, on the shores of Lake Couchiching, for a home, and there he brought his wife and large family. Only a few years ago he died, sincerely mourned not merely as his father's son, but by many who appreciate him as a musician, composer and artist. His coffin was draped with the Union Jack and he was followed to his last resting place by veterans and officers of both services.

Of the Major's fifteen children the

lest known is the eldest, Edward Scrope Shrapnel, A. R. C. A., who lives in Victoria, B.C., and *his* son, Private A. P. Shrapnel is a member of the 88th Fusilliers, fighting now in France, probably near the same spot which saw the defeat of England's enemies one hundred years ago owing to the use of his great grandfather's then recent invention! The family to-day is neither widely known, illustrious or flourishing. That such is the case, is one of the pathetic stories of British Military history, for never did a man work harder, never had a man higher ambitions for the eternal glory of the Empire than the one whose personality is lost in the creation of his restless, inventive brain, and whose name signifies no more than a bullet-showering projectile, the object of which is to wipe off the face of the earth as many human beings as inhumanly as possible.

The Orillia home is occupied by the inventor's granddaughter, Mrs. Fred Webber, whose most treasured possession, I doubt not, is a quaint old tin chest, twice the size of an ordinary hat box, and containing many of the personal effects of General Henry Shrapnel. There are yellowed old documents—drawings, notes, tables and so on; there are letters written to him by the most famous men of his time, including two Royal Georges and a William, whose scrawling signatures on parchment are hardly faded at all. There is the General's coat, worn upon some famous occasion or other, and his photograph. And on the wall nearby, hangs a beautiful portrait of Miss Fanny (?) Scrope "some kind of an aunt," as one of the Webbers naively catalogued her.

IN 1780 Lt. Shrapnel was ordered to Newfoundland. He probably felt some of the excitement experienced by explorers for Newfoundland was very little known and greatly fought over in those 18th century days. Harbor fortifications formed the subject of his deep study during his four years' service there, and the result was, somewhat later, the invention of his duplex gun carriage—designed so that two pieces of ordnance might be mounted, and possessing the advantage of circular recoil. The recoil of one gun brought the other into position for firing at every elevation or depression, and one such gun was placed at St. John's with the object of rendering the harbor reasonably secure from hostile invasion; another was placed at Gibraltar "for perpendicular or depressed fire upon the enemy who previous to this could lodge or anchor with impunity under the Rock, as the ordinary guns could not be sufficiently depressed to reach them."

Col. Vetch, of the Royal Engineers, records that Lt. Shrapnel (who had been promoted while in Newfoundland) commenced to experiment with ho low spherical projectiles as soon as he returned to England. Others claim that the idea of his shell was born after he reached Gibraltar, to which garrison he was ordered in 1787.

However that may be, he saw experiments conducted at Gibraltar under a Captain Mercier and he resolved that no step should be left unturned by which the fire of the British gunners could be made more effective. At the time referred to, round or cannon shot were entirely useless against an enemy in the field, and Shrapnel is said to have seen 2,000 rounds fired from the British twenty-four pounders which only succeeded in putting twenty odd Spaniards out of action.

His first work after reaching the Rock, however, was to study the fortifications, with the result that he proposed, and personally superintended, excavations in the galleries there, whereby in addition to his shell, General O'Hara, the officer commanding, pronounced the garrison impregnable.

FROM Gibraltar, Lt. Shrapnel went to the West Indies, spending some years successively at Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Dominica, Antigua, and St. Kitts. The advantage of his shell as a means of coast defence now took possession of him, and he made lengthy reports in proof of this, pointing out that these Islands were at the mercy of any hostile nation, but should the projectile under consideration be adopted, they would be secure from invasion. His shell reached the furthest range of ordnance as well as radiating throughout a certain space after the manner of case shot, expelled from an ordinary musket. With such a weapon in use among the British and its secret withheld from other nations, Shrapnel looked into a future glowing with military successes for his beloved country, and it is just a bit pathetic to realize that in keeping the invention secret, he was deprived of many honors and much fame which in justice should have been his. The secret of shrapnel was not kept very long. Just when the French discovered it seems a little obscure; not

A drawing by which is seen what General Shrapnel's shell originally looked like

during the Peninsula Wars, not at Waterloo. But they did know it and used it sparingly, in the Crimea. To the Prussians is due the credit of improving upon and perfecting the shell. In 1866 the development of the missile to its present deadly effectiveness may be said to have got definitely under way, and by the time the Franco-Prussian War occurred it was one of the Prussian Army's most effective weapons.

Originally, the shell was round, filled with bullets and a bursting charge of powder, designed of course, to explode close to the target at which it was aimed. Sometimes, owing to faulty manufacture or construction, it burst long before that time, often in the bore of the gun. But in Flanders, it is said that the *idea* of shrapnel was so eagerly adopted by the British that they used tin cans filled with nails, stones and all sorts of metallic rubbish, and this device was lighted by hand with a time fuse before being hurled into the enemy's lines.

CAPTAIN HENRY SHRAPNEL (promoted in 1795) fought under the Duke of York in Flanders, and was wounded at Dunkirk. There his inventive genius was prominently to the fore and it was largely due to him that the British retreat was effected in so masterly a manner. How? Very simply!- Finding that the gun carriages sank into the sand, along the sea shore, Shrapnel suggested that the wheels be locked and the whole carriage be placed upon a skid, which enabled comparatively rapid transit and prevented the usual noise of transportation which would have given the French a clue to the British movements. Beside this, he proposed the building of fires, far removed from the British position, and at these decoys the enemy fired expending much ammunition and energy without result. For the retiring troops under cover of this ruse, moved safely off into the night and embarked from the enemy's country.

In 1802 his invention took definite shape in the form of an exhibition held on Woolwich Commons in the presence of His Majesty King George IV., the Duke of Wellington and several other distinguished militarists. It is interesting to note that all foreigners were excluded. The exhibition seems to have made a deep impression on all present, none more so than upon the Duke, and Brevet-Major Shrapnel was ordered to Elswick to superintend the manufacture of his shells for immediate distribution in the Army. He went to Elswick, and he published a book which embodied a table of ranges for the use of those who were to handle his shell. Just previous to this, he had written:—

"CASE shot has always been considered the most destructive kind of ammunition which is fired from artillery, but from its great divergency immediately on quitting the piece of ordnance, it does not keep sufficiently collected to be effectual beyond a distance of 350 yards; and it is in vain to substitute larger balls or grape shot as they cannot be kept together unless confined in a metal case.

"The object now accomplished is the rendering THE FIRE OF CASE SHOT EFFECTUAL AT ALL DISTANCES WITHIN THE RANGE OF CANNON; and the present invention has been adopted whereby with undiminished efficacy, its operation may be extended (as exhibited in this plate) to the distance of one mile and a half or to the extreme range of any piece of ordnance from which it is fired."

In 1804 the shell was first used against a hostile people—at the battle of Surinam in the Dutch East Indies. It is said that the fort surrendered after the second shell had been fired, and that the enemy were at a total loss to account for their suffering from *musketry* fire at so great a distance as 2,000 yards.

In that same year, Shrapnel, now a major was appointed first assistant Inspector of Artillery and for many years he was engaged at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich developing and improving his invention which included not only the shell and the duplex mounting already mentioned, but a brass tangent slide, visible at the breech of every piece of ordnance and containing the essential value of experimental tables of ranges. He also improved the construction of mortars and howitzers by the introduction of parabolic chambers, thereby considerably increasing the range and giving England, for the time being, a marked superiority over her enemies.

Mrs. Fred Webber, of Orillia, Granddaughter of General Henry Shrapnel

AT the outbreak of the Peninsular Wars and the steady demand for shrapnel shells, one scarcely doubts that in the mind of the inventor there began to creep a justifiable hope; he had given of his brain, his time and his money to England. What would she do for him?

There can be none who read this to criticize Henry Shrapnel because he asked recognition of his work; he did not barter his invention—he freely gave it, but Custom, a law unto itself, decreed that his country put the stamp of public approval upon work well done; national honors had been conferred upon other men who

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My Aunt Paulina's Wood-Box

Being a half told tale of the Lost Dauphin

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I have snubbed Daniel Hawthorne in my time. I said to to him, "You've got egg on your mustache"

MY great-aunt Paulina had a miniature by Cosway, an ostrich feather fan with tortoise-shell sticks, a Geneva watch, the secret of longevity, and all the virtues that go hand in hand with these precious things. And though she had also a box of olive wood with a reverent caricature of our Saviour painted thereon by a Polish princess with whom she had been bosom friends, that which she treasured most to the very last day of her long, wise, kind, enviable, cynical life was a chestlike wood-box tacked over with a faded chintz. It was such a wood-box as you may see handy to the open fire in many a modern living room; a common thing, made of white pine. Yet it differed from other wood-boxes in two ways. It had been pierced here and there by a narrow auger, and it had figured in a romance.

When asked what the holes were for, Aunt Paulina used to turn in her bed (she was bed-ridden when I knew her), smile cynically, and say, "to let the spiders out." And it was not until the family had done all things possible, within the confines of good breeding, to keep me from committing authorship that the truth about the auger holes became known to any one in this world outside of Aunt Paulina.

"GOING to write, are you?" she said. I said "Yes."

"Romances?"

"If the Lord is good to me."

She made a great pretense of being offended with this speech.

"If you're going to leave it all to the Lord," she said, "you may possibly worm yourself through the needle's eye—not that you'll be rich—I've got enough grandchildren to leave my money to without being bothered with grand-nephews and nieces and what-you-may-call-'ems—but you won't amount to much. That's certain. Your great-uncle Peter, of blessed memory and general incompetence, used to leave everything to me. I wormed him into a Member of Parliament, and the lots on Seneca Street and the lake front."

Her old jaws worked a little as if she were chewing. It was her way of showing that she wasn't really down on Uncle Peter, dead these thirty years.

"If I were in my heyday," she continued, "I should write your romances for you, and make a man of you. Don't shake your head at me in that naughty manner. I have snubbed Daniel Hawthorne in my time. He came up to be presented, shuffling sideways like a crab, and it didn't take me two seconds to see that he had left-over egg on his mustache——"

She paused and drew her lips into her mouth, and closed her eyes, which were bright as an imp's.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I SAID to him," said the dreadful old woman, and I for one believe it of her, "'you've got egg on your mustache. Hadn't you better go and wash it off?' He put me into a story later—the one about Leather-Top. I'm the old hag that smokes a pipe and hobnobs with the devil. Now Eddie Poe was worth the lot of them. No egg on his mustache: no cobwebs in his head." Here she chuckled. "All the long winter your great-uncle Peter lay adying," she said. "I used to read aloud to him the romances about cataleptic trances and premature burial."

"You didn't!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"I did so," she said (but I never believed this). "And it kept him agoing long after the doctors said he ought to have stopped."

"Did Poe put you into anything?" I asked.

"Not unless," said my cynical great aunt, "I am the," and she quoted very prettily—

> "Ligeia, Ligeia
> My beautiful one,
> Whose harshest idea
> Will to melody run,"

and cackled with amusement.

"If he used you at all," I said, "it would have been as a ghoul. Do you remember when you told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes, and you put red pepper in?"

"I suppose you'd like me to leave you something in my will to make up for it?" She cast a malignant eye toward the mantelpiece. "I will leave you my goggle-eyed china puppy," she said.

"Don't forget it," said I, stoutly.

"EDDIE POE understood me," said my great-aunt, "and I him. We were the only people of our day who knew," here she glanced at me defiantly and said, "beans about literature. I was the one to say so, and he agreed with me."

"Is it true that he drank?" I asked.

"It's true as anything in the Gos-

pels," she answered, "that your great-uncle Peter did. But he married sense and money, and was never"—here the imp eyes snapped almost audibly—"caught with the goods! Eddie Poe married romance and poverty, and *he* was."

"I know," said I, "that Uncle Peter married money. *You* say he married sense, but weren't you, Aunt Paulina, at any time also beautiful?"

Family tradition aside, it was obvious from the bones of her face that Aunt Paulina had once been very beautiful. She pondered the question for some time, and then said, judicially:

"In her most brilliant moments Virginia Lee of Richmond was more so. . . But I set out to start you on your career with a story. By the way, you're not to tell it till I'm comfortably dead."

"Then I'm more likely to *end* my career with it," I said. "And won't you make it just plain dead, please? You see, I'm afraid you won't be very comfortable."

"You may give me the benefit of the doubt," she said.

I bowed, gravely.

"Have you any use for the story?" she asked.

"How can I tell you," said I, "until I've heard it?"

"You can't," she snapped, "and probably not *then*."

SHE smoothed the bedclothes with her handsome old hands, glanced at the clock, told me to remind her to remind me to wind it when she had finished the story, and began:

"It's about your Uncle Peter and me moving West," she said, "when we had a better home in a better place. He didn't want to move, swore he wouldn't, and talked about his career. But nothing came of that.

"My parents had three daughters: Sarah, your grandmother that was; Paulina, that's your humble great-aunt—the eldest of the three; and Mary, who was the last of us to visit this planet and the first of us to quit it. Our family was never a backwoods family; we always had money, and plate and portraits. We girls had the best education to be obtained in Europe, and the prettiest clothes. When we went riding on our black horses, with white ostrich plumes in our hats, we made a fine show of beauty and fashion, I can tell you. My sisters shared the family beauty—your great-great-grandmother — my mamma—was a ravishing creature; and my papa was handsome, though guileless—but most of the sense came to me. For instance, when we were presented to the Emperor of the French he asked us what he could do to make his memory pleasant to the three *belles Canadiennes*. Sarah, who was a mischief, curtesied and flirted with her eyes, which were black as coals, and said: 'Promise to remember me, sire, and I shall be happy.' Mary, who was something of a toady, but who really did love her France, said, 'Continue to make France happy Sire' (he was beautifying it with taxes and sudden death), 'and I will remember you in my prayers.' Then he turned to me and shot cold gray beams at me out of his eyes. 'And you, Minerva, of the West?' he asked. 'I, Sire,' said I, 'have a short memory; but if you wish to give me a more material monumentum pignus que Amore' (she pronounced it in the old, soft style), and I looked at the rings on his left hand."

"'THE devil!' said he, and he gave me the one with the biggest diamond, and he laughed at himself, which he seldom did, like a school-boy. Then he shot a look at his wife, and back at me and winked. 'I wish to God,' said he, 'that I had been born with the nationality of a Turk, instead of merely with the inclinations.'

"'Sire,' said I, 'as head wife, you would lead me a dog's life; as next best wife I should lead you one. Let us be thankful then for all these small mercies vouchsafed to us by a monogamous religion.'

"'Do you hear?' said he to the Empress, 'the lady calls you a 'small mercy.'" The Empress was really a dreadful frump to look at, in spite of her handsome clothes. She had a figure like a peanut, and a lower lip like a horse's upper lip. She could lower it, as you lower a bucket into a well. I think she could have picked up pennies with it.

"'Did she?' she said, without showing any interest whatever. And I've always admired her for it. The way she said it proved generations of cold, haughty ancestors conglomerated into one icicle. It was the only time in my life that I felt snubbed. But I had the ring, and my sisters had nothing but green envy. Which certainly proves where the family sense lay. Snubs pass, but diamonds increase in value. Your great-uncle Peter, however, put the thing up as collateral one Black Friday, I forget which. It was the only sensible thing he ever did without consulting me."

SHE stopped. I waited for a minute, and then said: "You started to tell me why you and Uncle Peter came West, and you got as far East as France."

"I was thinking," said my great-aunt, very mildly for her, "about emphasis and proportion. I can't make up my mind whether to introduce the Frenchman at the French court, which would be the order in which I really met him, or to wait and let him come in later, suddenly as he did come; and then go back to the French court, and explain him at some length, ... what do you think?"

"Why," said I, somewhat taken aback, "I——"

"If you were Eddie Poe," she said, "you'd have your answer pat—like that." And she snapped her old thumb and forefinger with great force and spirit.

"I'm not worthy to take off my hat to Eddie Poe," said I, humbly.

"Teach your great-aunt Paulina to suck eggs," said she, politely. "No, my grand-nephew, I don't picture you as meditating matters of art upon an empty stomach, or to much purpose on a full one. Geniuses have ears flat to the sides of their head; yours stick out like a schooner going wing and wing. I always told your mother to strap them down when you went to bed. If I'd had my way you might have amounted to something."

Perceiving that she was unable to hurt my feelings or shake my resolve to become an author, she cackled aloud. "Sakes alive!" she said, "he hasn't even vanity to go on. If ever I saw a career hodge-podged at the very outset!"

"IT seems to me," said I, "that the story which is to start me on my career is getting pretty badly hodge-podged, too."

"Don't you suppose," said she, "that I can talk about your ears and think how to go on with the story at the same time? Every part is arrranged now."

"As it ought to be?" I asked.

"As I wish it to be," she said.

"Oh!" said I. And we insulted each other with our eyes.

"You will ask," she went on, "why a beautiful woman of sense should have married your great-uncle Peter. Shortly after we returned from the Grand Tour which we made with my papa, my mamma having died of a pleurisy in Florence, Sarah permitted herself to be courted and won by Roger, your late grandfather, a young whipper-snapper in the legal way. Shortly after their elopement my papa, a handsome, indulgent man of deep feeling, permitted himself an apoplexy of which he died. My sister Mary and I were thus left in the heyday of our youth and looks with a monster farm in Westchester and a handsome fortune apiece. *Your* grandmother was cut off with a shilling—or maybe it was without a shilling—I have forgotten.

"Sister Mary and I quarreled, of course, like a couple of cats over my papa's personal possessions and col-

lections"—the old lady put her hand to her brow and laughed immoderately. "It was over his tortoise-shell razors in the shagreen case that we came to blows. . . . Those are they, on the mantel, next the china puppy. . . . I can remember to this day the feel in my hands of Mary's great braids of hair as I dragged her three times around the great table in the library. In those days women's hair was attached to their heads, I 'can tell you—or I might have had a heavy fall for my pains. In any event she gave in about the razors, and the pistols. She got my papa's brass warming-pan and his gold toothpick, and the sketch for his portrait by Reynolds. I got the portrait.

"YOUR great-uncle Peter, having on my account toadied to my papa anent politics, tobacco and the vintages of wines, was, though a very young man, named as executor of my papa's will. I was flabbergasted when this came out, as I feared to lose my money, either through your late great-uncle's chicanery or his small understanding of affairs. But indeed I might have expected some such thing as this matter of executorship, for my papa's last act (his power of speech having ceased with his apoplexy) had been to place my hand in Peter's—we being on opposite sides of the bed on which my papa was dying—and look us a blessing. Meaning to recover my hand, when my papa should be dead, which event transpired but a very few minutes after, I became so lost in natural sorrow that I omitted to do so. So my right hand remained in Peter's while with my left I held a feather to my papa's lips. I remember I tweaked the feather for the purpose from the very pillow which supported his head. But the feather never so much as fluttered, owing to my papa's having drawn his last breath of blessed memory and to my own steadiness of hand.

"'It was his last wish,' said your great-uncle-to-be, with extreme sanctimony and unction for so young a man.

"'Let it be yours,' I said, and withdrew my hand with a sharp twisting motion.

"He looked me reproachfully in the eye and said: 'Paulina, in the presence of this good man, your kind, wise and loving progenitor that was, I beseech you to lay aside your waywardness and your cruel habit of shooting darts.'

He was trembling too, the least thing in the world. "You may be Satan," I said, "but you are a man"

"'IN his last moments,' I said, 'my papa—or progenitor if you please—in all likelihood mistook me for my sister Mary.' Here we were interrupted by Mary's sobbing 'He didn't! he didn't!' I for one had forgotten the child's presence. She was all huddled at the foot of the bed in a kind of toadying crouch. 'Don't you want Peter, either?' said I. She shook her head. In moments of supreme excitement, such as grief, or covetousness, sister Mary showed a certain directness and honesty—of blessed memory. 'Then, sir,' said I, 'we seem to be a pair. And I wish you a very good day.'

"But your great-uncle-to-be had a shot in his locker. The which he fired at me as a small boy might explode his popgun at a seventy-four.

"Said he, 'I have your father's will.'

"'And a mighty good thing,' said I, quick as lightning, 'as you have none of your own.'

"With that bee buzzing in his bonnet, your great-uncle-to-be withdrew himself from the death chamber and the house. But he popped in again upon the morning of the funeral—it was in St. Anne's chapel all the way through the avenues of cherry trees at that season in full blossom—with his smuggest and most unctuous face, and my papa's will safely buttoned in his coat.

"WHEN he had got to the end of the instrument which named him executor I flew into an exalted passion, railing at my dead papa's lack of confidence in me, his lack of judgment in appointing Peter, and as bitterly at the probable loss thereby of my fortune, as if I had already lost it. When I had stopped a moment for want of breath, some poor, groveling relation in the back row gave passage through the left trumpet of his nose, the right being blocked by reason of a cold, to the words 'Shame—shame.'

"'Shame it is,' cried I, 'to put a helpless young girl's fortune in the hands of a drawling, sanctimonious monkey that has not so much as cut its wisdom teeth——'

"Another poor relation whined, 'And her poor papa only just dead!'

" 'Only just,' says I, 'for if he had been dead a matter of six months there would now be no fortune left to make a Brouhaha about.'

" 'Paulina,' cries your Uncle Peter, and I admit there was a something in his voice that touched me for the moment, 'Paulina, do you doubt my honesty?'

" 'No,' says I, forgetting instantly that I had been touched, 'I doubt you have the sense to be anything else, and no doubt your want of sense will lead to my want of cents. And that is why I cry out against the monstrous sinfulness of your appointment as made in this precious will and testament.' Here I snatched the thing from him, and, seeing that he was about to speak, was for cramming it into his mouth, great seal and all. And I had clutched at his neckcloth as a beginning toward putting my project into execution, when the great mahogany door behind him slowly opened of its own accord and stood wide. I mention this incident as having put a check to my passion. Why it should have had that effect I do not know. I saw behind the little man's back the cherry trees in blossom, the bright sunlight upon the lawns, and felt perhaps something of the spring freshness in my face. Then it was your great-uncle's turn. He spoke with more eloquence and proper feeling than I had given him credit for.

"YOU Fury!' he said, 'You ungovernable she-devil! For your opinion of me I care not that—' I remember that his thumb and forefinger made a kind of spudging failure to crack properly—and my cousin Shirley in the second seat from the left end of the first row tittered out loud. But your great-uncle, having succeeded at the second attempt in producing the scornful sound which he required of his fingers, proceeded with his tongue-lashing.

" 'I look upon you,' says he, 'who though beautiful have been pampered and indulged to the awful brink of insanity. Within this rose,' says he, pointing at me, 'so lovely to the eye, I see the grub——' "

Here my Aunt Paulina suddenly put back her head and screamed with laughter. And as the dark meaning of her last phrase dawned upon my less instant perception, I, too, burst into uncontrollable merriment. The pair of us laughed until we were nearly sick with it." Aunt Paulina beat the bedclothes with her hands, and kicked with her feet, and the tears poured down her cheeks. And when she had managed to calm herself she looked forty years younger. Her old cheeks blushed like a maiden's, and she was delighted with the world and all things in it.

"Dear me," she said, still threatened by a renewal of the explosion, "it was seventy-eight years ago that your great-uncle Peter treated me to that metaphor, and not until this very day has *that* meaning occurred to me. Give me a jujube—in the blue and white porcelain box on the bureau. The mere thought of what Peter claimed to have seen has given me an appetite. You may help yourself to a jujube. I thank you. Where was I?"

"YOU were in the midst," said I, "of assisting the professor in the earliest known demonstration of the X-ray."

"To be sure," said Aunt Paulina, rolling the jujube on her tongue, "so I was. Well, he made quite an oration. I remember how the moisture on his upper lip disclosed by its darkening effect the fact that he might one day look forward to sporting a pair of mustachios. I think it enhanced his powers to know that the way of retreat lay open behind him.

" 'You,' said he, 'unless some curb is placed upon that wicked temper and that intemperate pride of yours, will come to no good end in this world, or in that to come. Nothing about you is womanly but your beauty—a perishable thing. I pity you. I think of your future with horror. But pray God that the strong hand be found to guide you and to mold you ere it be too late. What you need, my Beauty, is a master, no man of putty, but a man of iron will, of iron hand, strong in convention, obdurate, unflinching, a man such——'

"I had been thinking of other things during this speech, though you may be sure I had heard every word of it. I had concluded that to retain control of my fortune it was necessary to retain control of Peter; to have an eye on him night and day. In spite of his tirade I knew that the man was madly in love with me, and I now made up my mind like a shot. I smiled and held out my hand.

" 'DONE with you, Peter,' I said, 'let yours be the iron will, the iron hand.' And you may be sure I looked on him in a subdued and melting way. He flinched at first. Then took my hand, and (I leaning over) raised up on his toes (I remember the soles of his shoes squeaked very sharply) and with his lips made a smacking noise in the air close to my cheek.

"We were married very privately, on account of me being in mourning for my papa, in St. Anne's chapel. The cherries were then ripe on the trees.

"During the first months there were frequent clashes of temper and will between your late great-uncle of blessed memory and myself. He had made up his mind, once and for all time, so he said, to be the master. But nothing came of that. Yet it was not until he had gotten himself cheated out of a round sum of my money, by a merchant of whom he thought the world, that he made a frank, open, and final abdication of his claims. After that I was all honey, and made him a good wife to his dying day; letting him have his own way when that could obviously lead to no harm, and making a great show, when others were present, of being entirely ruled by him.

"IN affairs, owing to my advice, without which he never lifted a finger, except in the matter of pledging the Emperor's diamond, he made a great name for prudence, coupled with sound daring. Ours was the best beef, butter, cream, milk, fruit, corn and potatoes to be bought. Ours were the best bred horses and the largest pumpkins. Indeed, our ventures and holdings, both in ships, lands and houses, made us an integral and important factor in the growth of the city. As for the property that came to Mary and me from our papa, it had been doubled. It seemed impossible that anything could tear our roots from the soil in which they had taken so deep a hold. Or that sister Mary and I, who were in every way the leaders of fashionable life, should ever turn our faces to the rough and uncouth West, therein to seek a home.

"I had not wholly regained my strength after the birth of your late Aunt Susan, of blessed memory, and having slept several hours during the day, it was natural enough that my usual bedtime found me unusually wakeful. The thought of retiring and lying open-eyed in the dark was unendurable. And so, having prepared a hot toddy for my husband, and tucked him into his bed, his nose and throat being inflamed by an incipient cold, and having gone the rounds of the nurseries to see that all was well, I heaped wood—out of yonder woodbox—on the library fire, and got down a volume of Adam Smith. I was engaged at this time in very serious lines of reading—law, international law, and economics—as I had about made up my mind to put your late uncle into politics, and it was necessary for one of us to have an elementary knowledge at the least of such matters. And since your late uncle could not even master the simplest treatise on the rotation of crops, or the fertility of the soil, it was obvious enough that I must be the one."

To be continued

Making Movies

The world of films and faces, reels and realism, Telegraph Helen and Poor Pauline; the world of Mary Pickford of the curls, Heart-breaker; and Charlie Chaplin of the boots, Laugh maker—here's to it!

By Frederick Robson

Illustrated from Photographs

"CLEAR! Clear!"

"Half a minute, Jeff, I'm winding in a new film"

The director chewed his cigar with encouraging impatience. He gave a quick look about the stage.

"Another lunch-light in that entrance!" Somebody from behind jumped to the request for I saw the shadow on the doorway suddenly disappear.

The villain of the piece was leaning against a wicker chair pawing over the scenario. He had already discovered eight falls, two cracks-on-the-jaw, and a revolver-struggle—all of which would be paid to him every day for three days, rain or shine. The heroine was in no such happy mood, she had told a reporter for a dramatic weekly five minutes before per beginning as a child prodigy and was well on the way to [illegible] for a full-page photograph in the next issue. A negro butler straddled a saw-horse and brushed the kinks from a brand new wig.

"Clear the set! Places! please!"

The leading man hurried through a doorway and took his place before the grate fire, book in hand.

"All right! Start your camera!"

The monotonous buzz of the film machine nerved the players into sudden action. The game was on.

NO ONE need tell the reader that the development of the motion picture art and the motion picture business during the past few years had been one of the strangest phenomena of all history. Canada is committed to the "craze" as firmly and finally as our brethren of the United States. Town by town, and city for city, we have as many picture theatres as anywhere within the boundaries of the Greater America. Which is to say that from Alaska to Georgia—as the Statesmen like to put it at banquets—there are about 20,000 theatres, theatoriums and the like, where the Silent Drama is worked off to the ump-de-ump of the piano. And to tack along a few more cipher over one-hundred-and-fifty-million dollars are invested in the business of film making and distribution, and 300,000 people obtain from motion picture sources their employment and upkeep.

It is no great step back to 1908 yet up to that year the productivity of the [illegible] was a joke. We [illegible] our half-unspoken suspicions that motion pictures were "passing fads" that the novelty would die off. Just about this time we read of scientists' prophecies that some day picture films would supplant the public schools, that medical colleges were adapting the camera for instruction purposes, that military and naval experts saw in it immense possibilities as a recording device. But the picture as entertainment! We attended once, sent the children twice, and—then no more. The reasons for this 1908 apathy were simple and sufficient. At that time—just seven years ago, too, hardly a stage artist of reputation dared even think of moving pictures as an avenue to dignified fame and dignified revenue. The lack of "standing" associated with picture parts took not a little diplomacy and time to overcome. If to the dramatic actress or actor, vaudeville was "illegitimate," the voiceless "screen" was not even human. Those who dared the sentiment of the moment dwelt apart. They were "mercenary inartistic hacks," out for the easiest way to bread-and-butter. Theatrical managers, sniffing disaster in the air, threatened dismissal to any of "standing" who posed for the camera.

CAME word one morning that Joseph Jefferson had "signed" for a movie engagement. The world of dramatic art was aghast. Quickly followed a cable that Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Rejane and Jane Hading were appearing daily in the film studios. The wall of highbrow snubbing was plainly tottering. Then "Daniel Frohman presents a magnificent film revival of 'Queen Elizabeth'." So Frohman had fallen for them, too? Blanche Walsh, Nat C. Goodwin and others of parallel importance tripped quickly into line. The papers began to fill with yarns of fabulous salaries. The "middle class" artists suddenly caved in.

Loaves and fishes were too good to miss.

With the surrender of the dramatic profession the world over to the imperative bidding of the "movies," automatically the public's declining opinion of the "picture craze" jumped to happier conclusions. New films appeared. New faces in the films, new brains behind the scenarios, new conceptions of the camera's possibilities, new standards of taste, new and improved admissions of moral decency. We began to see in Toronto and Winnipeg and Halifax such vast conceptions of motion photography as "Ulysses," to procure which an Italian cinematograph company took an entire company of actor-folk to the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, with anciet armor and costumes, and specially built sailing craft to assist in the verity of the story, although it cost over $150,000. European and American producers now dipped into the money bags without hesitation. Where $3,000 had been a fearful risk on some old-fashioned "chase film," in which a luckless Chinaman was hounded across half a county followed by a population of fat policemen, thin grocers, wooden-legged barbers, and nurse-maids, falling into horse-troughs and barking their shins, $300,000 came to be a common enough figure for a really classy "film."

SEVEN years ago, hardly a newspaper or magazine in all America thought seriously enough of the picture business to devote more than a patronizing item. To-day a score of the best Canadian papers carry full pages weekly, devoted exclusively to film news, while practically every United States newspaper in larger towns and cities recognizes screen material as chuck full of public interest. With customary caution the New York papers held off until two years ago. Now the New York Herald in the morning, and the Evening Globe in the afternoon, present an elaborate *daily* description of happenings in the film world. For over a year the New York Evening Journal has reviewed photo plays quite as seriously as dramatic creations. "The Ladies' World," a McClure publication of New York, created an innovation by publishing a

story called "What Happened to Mary," and by arrangements with the Edison company, each instalment was simultaneously presented in film form at the picture theatres. *One hundred thousand circulation* was added to the magazine every month of the story's duration. Upon that tempting precedent, collaboration of weekly newspapers and picture theatres has become quite common, instalments of printed and pictured story appearing on closely successive dates. Early in 1914 William Randolph Hearst made an affiliation with the Pathe Freres by which a daily fiction story was published in all the Hearst publications, while on the same day in more than five hundred picture houses the fiction was recounted on the screen.

Just as amazing and sudden has been the development of a distinct motion picture *personnel*. Screen acting, while possessing many points in common with the impersonations of the dramatic stage, makes many demands upon the player of a peculiar and exacting sort. The writer is not one of those who believe that the cause of dramatic art has anything to be thankful for in the advent of motion pictures. The demands of film drama upon the player are never likely to build the noble reputations associated with Irving, Rejane, Forbes-Robertson, and the stalwarts of their class. However, there is no denying that the popularity of individual players, ephemeral though it must be, has become great in proportion to the multiplicity of theatres and the almost universal habit of photo-play attendance. Scores of men and women, plodding along a few years ago as "middle class" artists in the stock companies, earning perhaps thirty to sixty dollars a week, have found an Eldorado of cash and publicity in this strange apparition we call "the picture business".

CAME word one morning that Joseph Jefferson had signed for a movie engagement! Quickly followed a cable that Sarah Bernhardt was appearing daily in film studios! The middle class artists caved in.

MARY PICKFORD, a petite and winning little lady who has achieved a marvellous vogue, takes toll of the motion picture industry to the extent of $100,000 a year. That is not a "sample" salary. It is the climax of many hundred medium salaries which put the recipient's former earnings to shame. Charlie Chaplin, an eccentric comedian, who has surpassed even Miss Pickford in the demand for his services, was recently offered $25,000 by the management of Madison Square Garden for two weeks of his time. The offer was rejected for the reason that the Essanay Company of Chicago countered the deal by handing Chaplin a cheque for an equal amount, which, by the way, was independent of his regular salary. One may readily understand that these fabulous salaries base themselves on everyday economic principles. Chaplin's vogue means millions to the producers. A single comical human with big feet and a small hat can make or mar a corporation's fortunes. Twenty yards of common earth, so it cover a gold mine, may bring a thousand dollars an inch. In the same manner, Charlie Chaplin's "say so" commands a price proportionate to its magnetic "pull" on the endless millions of cheer chasers. Geraldine Farrar took a two weeks' jaunt to California this summer and was paid $30,000 for twelve days spent in moving picture dramas, the working schedule being six hours a day. So long as there are 20,000 or more picture theatres howling to their supply agents for novelties and sensations, just that long will sacks of gold be tossed to whatever favorites caters momentarily to that demand.

Obviously the salary list of the motion picture business has mounted no faster than the improvement of themes and methods of production. From the original comedies where people ran at impossible speeds and magicians walked on the ceiling, have come the most laboriously rehearsed dramas, some catering to laughter, others to the love of pathos. The serial story has been matched by the serial film, so that one may come week after week to gaze upon a fresh episode entered in the middle of a miscellaneous programme. Educational films, depicting the operations of boot factories, armament works, the weaving of silk, etc., have kept step with the wonderful travel films of Paul Rainey, who clicked his cameras in the face of prowling lions in the African jungle, and audaciously defied wild elephant herds to trample him to mulch.

Of course, the secret of the picture film is its realism. The imagination of the onlooker need only be as lively as a pine knot, for the screen director will fill in the gaps and dish up the narrative fit for infantile digestions. You recollect the "costume period" melodramas, such as "Richelieu," where courtiers quite commonly "flung - themselves - from - the - stage," promising the audience to ride fifty miles and fetch an answer "before daybreak." You may have known that the courtier possessed neither the horse nor the fifty miles, but imagination supplied both steed and dust. Not so with your picture drama. "Fifty

When Graustark was filmed, Beverly Bayne raised to royalty, perfectly gowned and more bewitching than any queen, possessed in addition an ideally handsome lover in the person of Francis X. Bushman who won her proud and princessful heart while the Essanay Studios warred and sizzled around them

miles I will ride beforedaybreak," says your actor, and forthwith you see him, booted and spurred, atop his horse, racing across the landscape heltur leather

In time the picture of a galloping horse or a high-powered motor car came to be a common place. Directors hoping to vindicate their reputations for ingenuity, reached after nerve-stirring sensations and called upon their players to assume risks commensurate to the thrill they aimed to secure

WE FIND the Selig Company at Los Angeles, California, assembling the greatest private-owned jungle-zoo in the world, with animals adapted to every mad invention of the dramatist's brain. An expedition is now being formed to start from Baltimore in an old-fashioned "rakish" schooner for a cruise of the Caribbean Sea. On board will be a large party of motion picture players, and a still larger cargo of "properties" for the staging of a score of melodramatic adventures along the lines of the hair-raisers in our Sunday School library. The roaring days of the Spanish Main when Cap'n Morgan and his freebooters harried the rich cities of the South American coast will come again to life. British sailors biting cutlasses between their molars will slip over the ship's sides and "cut out" the murderous pirate lying inshore Fair senors will steal their lady-loves from iron-barred balconies of Spanish palaces and take to sea in a forty-mile gale. There is no lack of scope for a shipload of adaptable players and a storeroom of "junk". We may understand it better some day when the picture theatre in North Bay announces —"Midshipman Easy — A Thrilling Drama of the Sea in Three Reels"

A camera fiend, equipped with a mile or two of film, set sail from Seattle about a year ago to prove the prophecy of a group of scientists. It had been stated that off the coast of Alaska a group of Islands, through some strange submarine cause, had risen above the surface and later passed from sight several times within the previous twelve months. The assertion was well attested. Off sailed the picture man in a schooner to get a film which he decided to call "The Birth of An Island". If he gets it, there is a million dollars waiting his handclasp.

LILLIAN WADE, a Denver lassie, is five years old. At fifteen months she was equipped with the courage and determination of the ordinary youngster of six. For three years or more she has been employed by a California company at a large salary, playing parts which require resource and quick judgment. For a film dealing with a jungle theme she played with a rag doll in an open meadow, until a full-sized lion ambled uncomfortably close to her, when she calmly walked over to a wooden trunk, lifted the lid and jumped inside. This sort of feat is no longer a "thriller" in a camp of picture players particularly since more than one leading man had leaped on horseback from a respectably high cliff into the sea. You and I would probably draw the line at an actor daredevil's conception of duty when he offered himself for any and all hair-brained exploits his director could fashion. He permitted himself to be thrown out of a balloon into the ocean, his escape depending upon his quickness in slitting open the bag as it sank toward the bottom. The same individual reached the peak load of insanity when he curled himself in a wooden bomb lying in the muzzle of a mortar The director pulled the trigger, expecting the bomb to rise gracefully in the air and cast forth the hero on one end of a folded parachute. Instead of that, the bomb rose thirty feet smashed into atoms and landed the human contents, much cut and bruised, but still alive and safe, in the middle of a ploughed field. Quite as crazy but more successful have been some of the schemes to utilize the aeroplane and

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Cabaret à la Essanay, showing a New York restaurant be-islanded in the centre of filmdom, with Johnny-on-the-spotlight accompaniment

Just June

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

JUNE'S most vivid childhood memory is of father coming home and smashing a'l the rosebud plates. To June's eyes, they were the loveliest things in the world, those plates. They came from the Fifteen Cent Store. And they lived in the dirtiest cupboard in the dirtiest house on River Street But they were pink

June's mother had been pink once, too—old-country-pink. Then she had married, come out to Canada, raised seven children and settled into the downtown mud of a third-rate little city. You could always see a dirty little baby, hanging over a dirty slanted, half-hung gate in front of her house, when the seven-thirty slowed before making the station.

But June's big brown eyes didn't see mother for very long or the rosebud plates either. One day the doctor came and brought another little wail with him, and the next day the undertaker took June's mother away. That was when the plates were smashed, the whole eight of them, all but the cracked one that hid under the table with June.

There followed three years of galley-slaving, during which the girl grew to be twelve, and beautiful.

She wasn't just pretty, in the pink-cheeked bucolic fashion of her mother. Neither did she in any sense resemble the pert-faced bits of precociousness that minced by to work in the gum factory down the block. Her eyes were as big and as wonderful and as dark as a gypsy's, and she had a tangled red-brown mane of hair that a duchess might have sighed after. Her cheeks were colored like a dark rose—for all she got so little to eat—and she had a way of tucking her hand into yours that made her guardian angel cry o' nights.

Not that she ever had anybody to take the tucking, poor kiddie. But the tendency was there.

Then, when she was twelve and the thin blonde bundle of rags that she lived for was three years old, and just beginning to plant wavering little kisses on June's love-hungry mouth, the man who had smashed the plates came in one day, sober for a wonder, and announced that he'd married again.

He brought the lady with him, also a bottle in each pocket and a thirst (so he announced) that reached from here to the Bay

That was the beginning of it. The end of it was when the summer heat and poor June's unwise feeding carried little Blondie away, 'way off where there were flowers on her grave.

The two of them came home drunk that night. And June was kicked out permanently

Don't believe it? Oh, no. You live north of Poverty Line You aren't acquainted with River Street, still less with the only sort of place that would take June in—twelve and utterly untaught and beautiful.

II.

LITTLE Aunty had soft hair, soft eyes and a heart so dear and soft and wistful that everybody who knew her said, "What a pity! Wouldn't she have made the darlingest mother?"

Her wall was papered with babies pretty nearly, and the happiest moments of her life were when somebody more fortunate loaned her a really-truly one to take up into her lonesome little house and cuddle

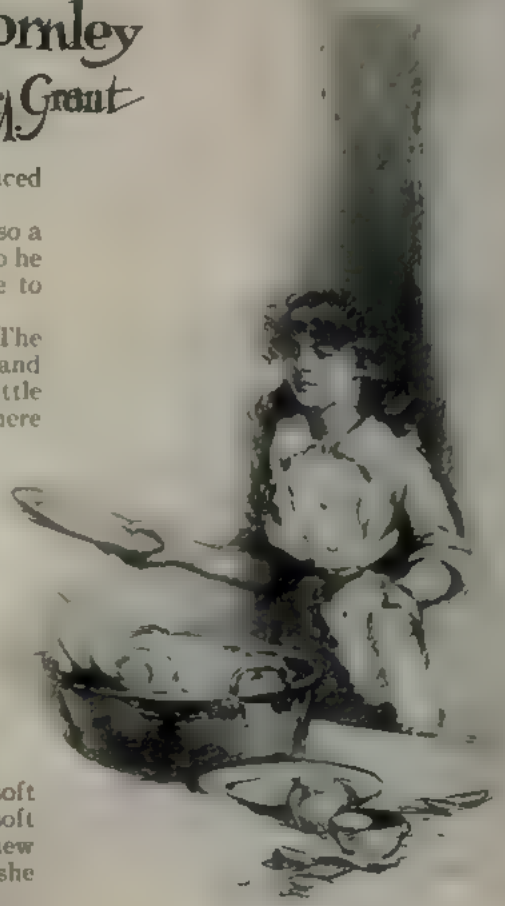
Little Aunty was old-fashioned. Which is to say that she thought everybody was either very, very good—and went to the First Presbyterian Church—or else very, very bad—and went to hell. But she couldn't help crying over these last occasionally. It was so dreadfully sad.

When little Aunty read her paper she censored it. The sort of news that the Sunday yellows lap up, she passed over in shocked silence. She didn't understand it. And she didn't want to.

And then one day, when Little Aunty had finished dusting all the babies, she read about June.

If the paper hadn't said the culprit was just fourteen, she would never have gone [illegible] the headlines. But the near-babyhood of the offender held her till the last shocking half-understood line

She had been found in a



The loveliest plates in the world lived in the dirtiest cupboard in the dirtiest house on River St.

garage. She was drunk. She would "come up" on Monday.

Little Aunty went to a knitting tea that afternoon, and she tried to talk war. But all she could think of was June, fourteen—*and what*—June in a garage—June in jail—June in court

What did she look like, this child of the shocking history? From what strange dreadful big-city slum had the poor little creature come? All that evening she pondered uneasily over the story. She searched the paper, uncertainly at first, but then with determination, to see if the Last Edition contained any further details

But no. Kiddie-June was too ordinary to have been mentioned at all except on account of her age. Anyone but Little Aunty would have known that

The next day was Sunday. The sermon was on love, but for the first time it struck the listener in Pew 20 as a bit vague.

"Love whom?" she queried to herself

The answer came with a definiteness and a promptitude that fairly startled her: "Love June — love June!"

On Monday morning, the Magistrate was rung up at a very early hour indeed and by a voice so shaky that he had to say, "Eh, what?" two or three times before he caught the word "June."

June came a faltering step or two Then she ran. And her tired, wicked red-brown curls fell all over Aunty's starched white shirtwaist

'Want to see her? Well, now, Miss —er—Forsythe, I don't believe it would do much good. There have been two or three deaconesses already and the Salvation Army, you know

"But, but," the voice faltered, "they're—they're professionals; it's their business to go. I've never done anything like it in my life, but she's so young—such a baby ——

'I see," said the Magistrate 'You can come.'

For he was a shrewd man, was the Magistrate, and he knew that when a woman can cry over another woman, there is always hope of her doing something.

III

LITTLE Aunty came. She nearly fell from sheer weakness and scare before she got in past the big doors and into the Matron's room.

"June Thrush? Say, she's the hardest little piece I've ever had, bar none that worthy asserted, "and the foulest-mouthed. She'll probably insult you, but if you're set on seein' her—well, come along.'

June was the solitary woman prisoner in the little corridor. She was out between the cells. There was a window at the end—a most unusual and injudicious thing to put in a jail—and she was looking at three clouds and a bird

"Somebody to see you," said the Matron, brusquely

And Little Aunty came in

The girl turned

She looked less than fourteen, for her red-brown hair was all down in big ringlets and she'd been crying. She was bitter. She was tragic. She was astoundingly beautiful. And she greeted her visitor, quite casually, with an abominable oath

It isn't only the serpents that have wisdom The doves get it too, through sheer lack of it

Little Aunty did the wisest thing she could possibly have done. She just stood there, with a wavering, uncertain smile on her lips, and her eyes filled slowly

Dearie," she said softly, "oh, dearie!"

In all her strange, squalid, suffering life June had never heard a pet name in a tone she cared to remember. Nobody had ever said a mother-word to her before.

Dearie!" said Little Aunty again There was a wistful question in it this time and she held out her arms She hadn't meant to do it. It was just plain inspiration

And June came, a faltering step or two. Then she ran. And her tired, wicked, red-brown curls fell all over Aunt's starched white shirtwaist

The Matron left them in June's cell. The girl was as shy as a wild animal: she wouldn't talk but she hung onto Aunty's hand as though she would never let go

You know how you make friends with a strange dog a kicked cur? You look at him and smile—then you look away. You pat him, little quick, fluttering pats. Then you smile again. You say a few foolish words that don't matter. What your soul says over and over is just about this. "I'm sorry, oh so sorry for you. What do you want? I wish I could get it for you. I like you. Do you like me?

And that was just what Little Aunty was saying while she smoothed June's hair, only her spoken words were about the child's age —and had she really lived always right here in town?

and would she like a box of taffy, the home-made sort, and some fruitcake?

June answered nothing but yes and no. Occasionally she raised her big eyes and said a short frightened sentence or two with them

Then Aunty rose to go

Shall I come and see you tomorrow, dear?"

Yes—oh, yes—*please*!"

That was all. But Little Aunty went home and couldn't say her prayers for crying, she was so happy

SHE came the next day and the next The third day she fed five thousand and walked on the water and did every other miracle recorded in Scripture, for she went into court. June never took her hand away once, except when she had to stand up and plead guilty, and again when she was sentenced to two years in the Industrial. That haven it seemed was full to overflowing, and the child would have to stay at the local jail till it spilled out a victim or two back into the city to make room for her In all likelihood it would be a month

before the transfer was accomplished.

That was a strange month for Little Aunty, that December, for she spent every single morning of it locked securely into the corridor. Unbelievable figures came and went in the darkness—old Grace who had been drunk since the memory of man; Josephine, whose coal-black cheerfulness was equalled only by her passion for stimulants; Cocaine Essie, with her eternally-differing accounts of herself; and many a pinch-faced little vagrant caught in the Park. Besides these unfortunates there were the more sinister figures of the underworld, the ones who rolled wickedness under their tongue as a sweet morsel, the ones who grudged June to her new friend, who would reach up their black hell-fingers and pull her down again if they could. Yet even they were to be pitied.

AUNTY smiled at them all; she loved them all; her heart opened and wept and sang over them all. But nearest and dearest was shy, sweet, terrible, baffling June.

For you don't easily shake off a plate-smashing father. And two years in hell is enough to singe every fibre of your soul.

Some days she was adorable, and Aunty wouldn't have changed places with Mary Mother in heaven. At other times she was restless, irritable, complaining, critical, blasphemous. And on all occasions she was prone to discourse of things that sent the shocked blood pounding into her auditor's Presbyterian ears.

In return, Aunty brought her fruit-cake, hair ribbons, comic supplements—this was the only reading matter she asked for that her friend could bring herself to procure—but her two main and most appreciated gifts were a Bible—and a doll.

No, dear reader, we aren't lying to you. You can go through the Industrial and see each hardened criminal's bed graced with a doll—and such bedressed and cared-for dolls! The oldest Industrialette you must know is seventeen, for all they've been sent up on all sorts of mentionable and unmentionable charges.

Strange to say, this was the first doll June had ever owned, and all the fierce unreasoning love that was left over from what she gave to Aunty, she poured out on Geraldine Francesca.

The Bible was another thing altogether. She didn't want it at first, but when Aunty had explained a little about God and how He loved all His children—including the ones in jail—and when she had been shown sundry of His letters to herself contained in the Book, June accepted it, along with everything else her friend told her, and eventually slept with it under her pillow, though she couldn't be brought to say why.

IV.

AND then at last the dreaded news came that a cot in the Industrial was vacant. That meant putting a hundred odd miles between herself and June, and it was a shaken, dim-eyed Little Aunty who went downtown, the day before Christmas, to fill a box for her protegee.

There was everything in that box that a little girl of fourteen could want—that is, everything that she could want if she were—well, you had to say it—if she were in jail. Aunty spent every last cent she could afford on the pretty little toilet articles and the best dress for Sundays (she would be allowed to wear it if she were good), and the new finery for Geraldine Francesca.

And then she took up the box in arms that seemed suddenly very frail, and she went to the big dark building on the river bank.

They had a little talk about the future. Aunty had written to the Superintendent, and had received, oh such a nice letter in reply. June would be good, wouldn't she. She would write and so would Aunty, and the time would pass quickly. She would be out in two years and then dear knows what would happen. They both smiled over it, holding their smiles on very tight. June would read her Bible. She would study in the day school, wouldn't she, so she could understand it better. And Aunty would pray for her, every day, especially in the mornings when she used to come and see her.

AT last the visitor rose to go. The final kiss was accomplished without a break on either side, the Matron unlocked the door, and Aunty went off down the hall.

But you remember Lot's wife. That was Aunty.

Halfway to the entrance she turned back.

June was standing with her hands on the bars at the corridor-end. Her hair was loose in a great wave. There were tears on her face. And in her eyes was the utter tragedy of all the Junes since Eve.

"Oh, God," said Aunty, "Oh, God, I can't stand it!"

The girl saw her coming and ran back. The Matron unlocked the door; shrugged her shoulders, and went away.

In the cell June and Aunty were in each others' arms and it would be hard to say which was crying the biggest tears or the dreadfullest.

Suddenly the child's sobs shivered themselves out and she sat up.

"AUNTY," she said, "I never had a friend but only you. If God's good like you say, why did He let me get born like I was and do what I did?"

The woman stood face to face with the crisis of her soul-life. All the old, mere-word inherited platitudes burnt up and tumbled away before the ultimate fire of June's eyes, before that awful accusing *why?*

But Aunty looked straight back. There was something bigger than the Shorter Catechism. There was God. And you didn't have to understand Him.

"I don't know," she said, softly. "I don't know!" and it rang out like a battle-cry. "But I don't care if I never know. There *is* a way out and He'll find it. I believe in Him and I love Him anyway."

It was then that the queer thing happened. The defiant fires died out of the big dark eyes that had blazed into hers, and an awed wonder took their place.

"Why, so do I!" the girl whispered, tremblingly, "so do I!"

AND then, all of a sudden, there in the cell, Aunty's whole life unfolded itself in front of her—her desolate, loveless childhood; the fluttered horizons of her one lavendered romance, the grim disappointed middle years, the long, aching monotony where she barred steadfastness and self-control, and then the swift, astounding melodrama of the last month. She had never been outspoken enough to fling June's "Why?" up into the still face of her Presbyterian heaven. But she had thought it.

Today the truth fairly blazed at her, the justification of everything, the one purpose for which she had been born. Had lived, would live. And it was just June.

There were no obstacles—there couldn't be. The One who had planned all this held the kings of the earth in the hollow of His hand. And He wouldn't think anything of twisting a Magistrate to His purposes.

"June—Kiddie-June," she cried, softly, "will you come away with me to some other city right now and be my Christmas present to myself?"

The child's eyes widened with something very like horror.

"*Me?*" she whispered, "*me*—your little girl?"

There was self abasement past all telling—that and a strange thrilled hope.

Aunty couldn't speak. The man who "does his duty" never gets to heaven. He may come to some great soul-incubator where he will grow slowly to lovehood in a million years. But the children of God go singing up the road, go laughing into paradise, even while they cry. And Little Aunty wasn't giving up anything for anybody. She was just kissing out her happiness on June's love-hungry mouth.

DOTS A FINE DISH!
TAKE IT AWAY I DONT WANT IT!
GERMAN KULTUR
WILLIAM
FRANKFURTS AND SAUERKRAUT
MR WORLD
AROLD OLSON

Santa for Certain

The Tale of the

THERE is one Old Man who never falls down on his job. Cabinets may change, Empires may sink, hospitals may fill to the eavestrough. But so long as there's the last light in the last house, and the last kiddie in the last crib, there'll be a jingle of sleigh bells over the roof, and Santa Claus will slide down the chimney.

Contrary to the belief of the nightie brigade who discuss his adventures, however, the toys he brings don't really grow on Christmas trees, all set about in flower pots around the big North Pole. The advent of Santa may be pure fairy-tale-for-joy, but the manufacture of his bagful is stern economics, and to get this little artless tale here printed, I had to interview an old man with glasses at the Department of Customs; a young man with a business-watch and a butt-in telephone, skyhigh in a department store; and a middle-betwixt man with a heart as big as kiddies' eyes, 'way out east in Smoketown where the foreigners live.

THE old man didn't say very much—Government officials never do.

"In 1914 we imported German toys of all kinds to the value of $579,547," he said, looking over his glasses. "In 1915 we've brought in so far $247,044. Good-morning."

Bubbles is only seven and Dutch cut as to her taffy hair, but she could work that out in a minute. Divide the first number by two and you still have something bigger than the second number. Ergo, if mother and father and the Biggest Store haven't found some place other than Germany from which to get toys, the chances are that Bubbles won't find a new doll in her stocking after all.

Which leads of course to the elevator and the top floor and the man with the telephone, who, by the way, is probably the oldest-youngest toy-buyer in Canada. He tells you he's been at it for nineteen years, and you can't help wondering which grade of the kindergarten he was in when they took him on or whether his dolls and balls and folderols have a magic spell about them that brushes the years away as fast as they come.

IN THE early part of January, just when Bubbles is getting over the effects of the Christmas holidays, Mr. Toyman packs his annual trunk, whistles for his chum—also in the toy trade—and buys twin tickets for Europe to get the next year's dolls. Angelina Seraphina hasn't begun to be worn out yet, but forehandedness is the quality most worshipped by department store managers.

"It takes about two months and a half," says Mr. Toyman. "Last year we toured England first, then did France, went into Switzerland, down into Italy, and even tried Spain for samples. We didn't go to Russia ourselves, but we wrote them. The American field was gone over when we got home. But we didn't find anything to equal the Germany that our patrons wouldn't dream of letting us buy from any more, but whose toys we can't help regretting."

The Germans must be a mixture such as only God can understand. The Kaiser we know—Von Hindenburg, Von Kluck, the submarine crews, Bernhardi, Bernstorff, the spy system, the bomb-devils who shell women and kiddies.

But we mustn't forget quaint old Nurenburg where they made the toys, father to son in the same workshop, and Gretchen dropping in after school to help along. We mustn't forget the patient, loving workmanship, the trade-faithfulness that made the littlest rattle not only a joy to look at, but a safe thing to suck. We mustn't forget Margaret Steiff, who invented the teddy bear, in the glare of the Krupps who invented hell.

BUT to-day Nurenburg is a wraith of its old self. Little Gretchen can't see to sew buttons on the sailor boy, because she cries so, and Daddy Deutsch who used to paint the face of him is dead.

Instead of handing Mr. Outswork a soup ticket he was given five dollars' worth of lumber and told to get busy

Other lands have snatched Germany's toy supremacy and it's little Susie over in Sussex who sewed the buttons on for the 1916 toys. It's Katrinka in New York, too. Stranger still, it's "H. Yamada, Tokio," who puts his sign manual on the identical jumping monkey that used to go out labelled, "Made in Germany." The Japanese aren't inventive, Mr. Toyman says, but they're wonderful copyists. And with characteristic assurance, they've started their toymaking career by attacking the hardest thing in the

By John F. Charteris

Nineteen Sixteen Toys

trade—the little mechanical trifles that are made in forty-'leven parts—and retail for a quarter! H. Yamada is a clever little devil and he can make anything under heaven—give him time—but it's doubtful if he'll ever overcast the seams as lovingly as Father Deutsch.

As for the real-genius end of the art, the inventing of novelties to oust the teddy bear even as teddy pushed

One of the bedrooms which were turned into a storeroom for some of the nineteen sixteen barrows and carts

Angelina out of the doll carriage, this German gift is found nowhere else, says Mr. Toyman, save on the American continent.

The 1916 "Baby Grumpies," "Sassy Sues," and "Betty Bounces," the dollar-twenty-five cycle riders, the "Babies With Voices," the Dutch boys and girls who'll stand almost as high as their owners—all these come from south o' the border, despite the 30 per cent. duty and the 7½ per cent war tax.

JUST here the Third Man got into the conversation, the middle-betwixt man from Smoketown where the foreigners live.

His real name is the Reverend Awdrey Brown, of Tecumseh Avenue, Toronto. His district holds thirty-three thousand souls of twenty-two nationalities. And his distinction is that he asserts loudly that the inventive genius above referred to has nothing whatever to do with boundary lines. It grows in Canada, too.

The Rev. Awdrey is perennially interested in the unemployment problem. Every winter his Memorial Institute is beseiged with concrete examples who make it very hard for him to sit in his study and write sermons. Last year the War made it worse

"But I'm glad it did," he tells you enthusiastically, "because it made some of us think. The cure for unemployment is employment, not a soup kitchen. A five-dollar bill may put a fire in the stove, but a good job makes a man."

The end of it all was a little red wheelbarrow, made by clerical hands, painstakingly, after an accepted model. The clerical brain was in it too, and a mighty good brain it was. The barrow must sell for twelve and a half cents. But the wood, as originally purchased, would cost twelve! Ergo, the clerical hat went on, and the street car carried a most energetic business man around town until he discovered a place where it could be had for five.

THEN in came Mr. Outawork.

Instead of handing him a lecture, or a soup ticket, Mr. Brown showed him into the parlor—now a manual training room again, minus the teacher—gave him five dollars' worth of lumber and the model and told him to go ahead and make a hundred wheelbarrows.

He did. And from the twelve-fifty received, he received seven-fifty as his share.

The toymaking clergyman was jubilant. He took orders. He cleared out the second parlor. He found a man in East Toronto who was making toy cannons that were good stuff but that he couldn't sell. The kitchen was turned forthwith into a Krupp concern.

A jobless Russian hove in sight. At the same time, a wooden stork was discovered who opened and shut his bill like a pair of scissors. Peter Petrograd froze onto the stork. And the two are still at it

BY CHRISTMAS you couldn't hear yourself pray in the Institute. A factory was built in the back yard, a little twenty-five-by-thirty-two affair, two storys high, put up by the men themselves. Toy wagons had been added to the repertoire and the wholesalers were beginning to take notice.

"I worked a couple of months myself on a little novelty," said Mr. Brown. "It was a British bulldog and a German dachsund. You could roll them over and over, but the bulldog was always on top. It sold splendidly."

A 1916 idea is a game called, "Sinking the Kaiser's Fleet," There's a German battleship made in tiny pieces. There is also a British submarine. The latter contains a strong spring which lets off a bolt, which in turn patriotically knocks the dreadnaught off the map Another game is called, "Capturing Constantinople." These toys will sell at a quarter and were keeping a dozen men employed as long ago as last June Special machinery had to be built for each operation, of which there were eighty-three!

Coming Back

By Gregory Clark

Illustrated by Lester Raleigh

"*O-o-o-o-o-o-*
A life on the ocean wave!
A life on the bounding deep!
Where the pollywogs wag their tails,
And the frogs keep time with their feet!"

A RICH deep-chested voice in the distance, it filled the air, rolled up to the wintry sky, billowed out over the bleak country road onto the dismal faded fields.

The girl stopped walking, set down her clumsy traveling bag and looked ahead for the singer. He was not to be seen either on the road or on the path that topped the bank above the road.

"A tramp, likely," thought the girl, peering into the bedraggled thickets along the rail fence.

She assumed a resting position before taking up the bag again, and let her worried eyes gaze over the scene A flat road, that sloped neither up nor down—a road that had no romance in it. Fields brown and gray and interminable. Patches of leafless thicket. A landscape that turned an expressionless face upwards towards a cold, dead sky. A countryside worn and shabby after a spring and a summer of producing, and an autumn of exhaustion, now lying inert awaiting the oblivion of winter.

The girl took it all in with a slow survey The worried, determined look darkened her eyes. With a little shiver, she made a plunge for her bag.

"*O-o-o-o-o-o-!*
A life on the ocean wave!—

RIGHT above her, on the bank, the vibrant voice sang out Frightened, she glanced up. A startled face was peering down at her—a face belonging to a shabby, dusty pair of shoulders, and surmounted by a tweed cap, on backwards.

"Beg pardon!" said the face. "I thought there was no one within miles! Say, I hope I haven't frightened you?"

The face disappeared and a moment later the whole young man, dressed in a baggy grey suit, with a canvas knapsack on his back and a fat walking stick in hand, slid down a crevice in the bank.

"I said I was sorry!" remarked the young man

"Unexpected," murmured the girl.

"Silly song! An out of the way spot, eh!" said the young man. "Coming or going?"

He looked at the traveling bag.

"I'm going to the station," said she

"Why it's six miles from here," cried he. "It's an awful walk. I've just done it myself. Why aren't you in a buggy? Live in the village?"

'Yes.

"You must let me carry the bag for you," said he.

"Oh, no! I can manage," said the girl, hurriedly.

"Not a bit of it," said the young man

"Oh, but I——"

"A lone woman on a lonely road," said he, picking up the bag. "I win."

THE girl's face brightened and after a moment's pause she fell in with the young man and they stepped out along the road. Both were good to look at. The girl was dark and trim and plainly dressed; her eyes were intelligent and her mouth was finely moulded. He had yellow hair and a weather-beaten square face, ra[illegible] limbs and coarse, comfortable clothes. They eyed each other appreciatively.

'I guess your horse is sick," said the young man.

"No—I—I preferred to walk."

He hefted the clumsy bag and looked at her dubiously.

"You surely don't live in this part of the country?" he asked.

"Yes, all my life."

He again stared at her, noted her embarrassment, and trudged along in silence. The bleak [illegible] went past in stolid monotony. Not a cow or a hill relieved its flatness. Presently, in the far distance, a train whistle sounded.

"Which train do you catch?" said he.

"The next one," said the girl, smiling to make up for the late silence. "It's not till seven o'[illegible]"

"It will be dark then," said he. "And cold. I hate the winter evenings, especially when there's no sunset."

"So do I."

"Say," said he, "you look tired. Let's rest a bit here. I'll have a smoke. I'll avoid speaking about the buggy."

THEY sat down in a sheltered edge of the road.

"Oh, it's very kind of you to help me out," said the girl. "You embarrassed me a little, because I—am running away from home. That is—in a way!"

"I have studied and philosophized on the problems of life. Each place gave me knowledge but not happiness"

He pulled at his pipe a few times and said—"Darned romantic! Darned funny! I did that once."

"Oh, then you know how I feel!" cried the girl. "I've tried and tried every autumn for the past four years, and each time it became harder. The home ties, you know! You lose the independent mind of a youngster. Your sympathies grow deeper as you grow old."

She was twenty-two.

"But now—I've done it! One more winter, and I'd have gone mad. Oh, that village is so dead! It piled itself like a dead weight of earth on me. I felt buried."

"I know, I know," said the young man.

"At the coming of every winter," continued the girl, "I've planned to leave. Of course, my parents wouldn't hear of it. They don't understand. I've read, and I've studied a little music, and I have dreamed of the outside world as a saint dreams of Paradise."

"I know, I know," muttered he.

THE girl was glad to be able to speak of all these things. She was eloquent, her eyes, her mouth.

"The more I dreamed, the sterner my parents became. They didn't understand why the village young folks didn't satisfy me. But they're so dull, so flat—like the fields around this part of the country."

"That's it! That's it," said the young man.

"The girls in the village don't read or dream. The young men are either prigs or they're the kind who have free-fights on cattle-market day."

"What is your father?" asked the young man.

"A retired farmer," said the girl. "Owns quite a number of farms, but he is very strict. I did all my reading from the village doctor's library. He is a dear old man. He has been my greatest friend. He first brought me books when I was sick, years ago, and I've been a regular visitor to his library ever since. He gets a box of new books sent up every month—and I help choose them. Do you read much?"

"Oh—much!"

"He gets all the finest and latest—Bennet, Galsworthy, Chesterton. And I have read everything that claims to be classic. But the doctor is old now. He doesn't sympathize with me much. We talk, but not as much as we used to. He likes to sit still and dream."

It was only in books—and in cities—that the third act came so quickly

"WELL, why not get him to take you to the city? Why run away? Have you people you can go to in the city?" asked the young man.

"No. I want to go alone, to work, to feel myself grow and stretch. I have been so cramped."

"What will you work at?"

"I—in an office or—! I've thought it all out. Oh, how I've schemed for this! I am glad to talk to you about it. Are you a—are you a—?"

"I am a traveler," said the young man. "I have been all over the world and now I am homing."

"Oh, where have you been?"

"New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd—all Europe."

"And what have you been doing?"

"Satisfying a lust to feel myself stretch, to see the world and all its wonders."

"Why, like I do!" cried the girl.

"Yes, only I'm a man. I've seen the life of New York, and it's tinsel. I've seen London, and it's dull. I've seen Paris, and it's cheap. I've seen Berlin, and it's clumsy. I've seen Petrograd and it's unsanitary. I've seen a hundred places. I've seen everything."

"And I!" whispered the girl. "I've seen nothing yet. What have you got from it all? Where are you going?"

"I've got from it a vast knowledge of medicine and surgery. And I am going home. Home to an old man and a library. Home!"

"Oh!"

"FOR in seeing all the sights of the world, I have come to one conclusion: that there is only one place for a man, and that is where his friends and his home and his loves are. I have been ten years out in the world. Ten years of searching for the places of my dreams. Ten years searching for the places, the scenes, the company of saints or sinners that would satisfy the longing in me. I have been in Paris, but I was not gay. I have been in Berlin, but I was not drunk. I have studied and read and philosophized on the problems of life. Each place I went gave me knowledge but no happiness. It seems to me, those books and dreams have betrayed us?"

"Oh, no, no!" whispered the girl.

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It was a photograph of three young women waving kisses to the camera. The third was——YOU!

YOU

By James Henry Pedley

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

I SHALL see you again. Next Sunday, they said—six days. As soon as this drizzle stops I will lie out beside the big pine stump and the sun will soon fix me up. Even now my leg doesn't tingle so much; lucky the axe stopped short of the bone.

I know your name. Dick Watford told me this morning, before the gang struck off to work. How well I seem to know you! Yet we have spoken together only once, and that was months ago

If it were not for the chance that brought our eyes and souls together at Beaumaris last summer I suppose there would be no story to tell. In thirteen years I had not given you a thought. You had been crowded into the back of my mind with a hundred other memories of almost forgotten boyhood. Almost forgotten. Yet something remained, something that sent a thrill to my very finger-tips

Beautiful and calm the world seemed to me as the *Sagamo* swung into Beaumaris. She was bringing me back to work, replete with holiday, content to lean by the deck-rail and listen to the idle chatter of the wharf, while the red Muskoka sun sank low behind me. My glance followed a man who ran to unfix the bow-rope from its squat post. His path was tortuous among the summerclad, gay groups He ran too fast, I told myself. He would run into—aha! He had, too, and it was a girl, careless fellow! You had reeled and almost fallen and were looking around in some confusion Rather a pretty face you had, and magnificent hair

YOU were looking at me! And I knew you—had known you—some place! I made no sign of recognition, nor did you; but our eyes never strayed. Stern water gurgled impotently as the *Sagamo* backed into the lake. Still you stood distinct, arms clasped behind your back, glorious blob of hair glowing in the slanted sunlight, wistfulness throned upon your mouth. Where—when had our life-threads crossed before? I seemed to remember. It was on a Friday, perhaps many Fridays; that was all memory would tell. A headland thrust its nose between us, blotting out in a trice the wharf, the big yellow hotel encompassed with verandahs, and all.

Fridays. The world was still beautiful—for me more beautiful: but no longer calm

Fridays. . . . ?

IT was in April. Your blue skirt fluttered the pages of my newspaper in a crowded street-car. Just an impersonal skirt, one among the thousands. Mechanically I tendered my seat. At your murmured thanks I raised my eyes from the page—

Great joy to see you after eight months! And even greater joy surged through me, for it came to me across the years what 'Friday' meant. Perhaps because you looked more of a child in shopping costume, with your treasure of hair almost all hidden away under a satiny black hat

"Good—good morning," I said. "Soon it will be summer again." You understood, and nodded without resentment.

"We went to the same school," I ran on quickly. "Beebe street school. And on Friday afternoons we used to go into your—into Miss Blythe's class across the hall. You recited things. Lucy Grey."

"Oh-h!" You colored, and a smile played upon your lips.

"That seems long ago now, doesn't it," you said. "I believe I've forgotten all those pieces. And that is why you—?"

"I knew I had seen you somewhere. All winter I have been wondering. I couldn't understand—"

Queen Street. And a general rush forward of passengers. In a moment I was swept from the anchorage of my strap, powerless against the crush of bargain-hungry women. One minute I was fighting my way back; the next I was on the curb at King Street, hat in hand, and you had turned your head to smile. Such a day! How fine and prosperous the massive bank, with its columns! With what virginal whiteness gleamed the gloves of the traffic officer! Not till I was seated alone in that oak-panelled office-room of mine did I reflect that you were gone and I had learned neither your name, nor your address, nor anything. . .

I had lighted a cigar but I don't remember that I smoked it. I suppose it went out. After a while I went over to the windows and looked out first from one and then another, north and west. The city stretched interminably.

I LOOKED for you, and after three months I knew that I had failed. Miss Blythe, now keeping a boarding-house for students, was sympathetic; but she could not remember.

"And the school lists were all destroyed in the big fire," she added at the door of her grim parlor. I nodded. The Board of Education had told me that much. From that day my search was as aimless as it was vain. My work fell off, so that in July the firm suggested a long holiday. Overstrain, said the president. Bracing air — summer resort. But the prospect of idleness repelled me. Finally I compromised on a survey; that is how I came to take the C. N. R. Bala train at Union Station one sweltering night. As we roared out into the cool open country I lay in my berth thinking of you; then fell asleep.

The porter's hand was on my arm when I awoke.

"Bala Park, sir." I sat up, blinded at first by the early morning sunshine that streamed in under one blind I must have forgotten to close down utterly. My first impression was of moonlight. I had been dreaming of moonlight. Slowly, piece by piece, the dream came back to me.

It began with fairyland; calm, quivery water seen through the swaying foliage of elm trees and the heavy crochet-work of tall hemlocks. The water was a lake, and a spindley wharf lay on its surface, reaching out till it met and joined with a path of dancing light that narrowed moon-wards, a board-walk for the angels. Angels, too; a little company of them gliding down that silver path. But they changed to human beings and came walking up the wharf and up a straight road that appeared. Three women and a man.

Suddenly they were quite close. The moon was behind them, obscuring their faces. Someone giggled.

"That's certainly not *my* brother," said a woman's voice, as they went out of sight. Such strange things a man will dream

Everything changed. The fairyland vista disappeared. Again I saw the four of them, only this time one of the women was standing with her face aslant to me and I saw without surprise that it was you. The mass of hair, radiant in moonlight as in the setting sun, but with a ghostlier radiance, as befitted a cold dream; hands gripped behind you; eyes—in the swift jot of time before you were blotted out I saw your eyes, and saw that they were fixed on mine.

With clear, cold water in the smoking section I dashed the sleep out of my eyes. By that token I laid dreams to one side and prepared to meet Callaghan.

Still you stood distinct, arms clasped behind your back, glorious blob of hair glowing in the slanted sunlight, wistfulness throned upon your mouth

HIS Majesty's mails come in twice weekly to the Indian settlement of Sahanatien. But it is a mile down the Bala road and three more over a deserted draw-road from Sahanatien to Big Eddy on

the Muskosh River, where Callaghan pitched his first camp. Callaghan took that trail each Saturday out to the Bala road where a livery rig awaited him; for the old fellow likes to spend Sundays at home in Gravenhurst. Indeed Watford and I had the camp to ourselves on Sundays, for there is a player-piano at Joe Sahanatien's house and a big time on Saturday evening which none of our Indians are willing to miss. And while we camped beside Big Eddy they used to come roaring into camp late Sunday evening—Billy the cook and Napoleon and Joshua and old John Birch and big Eli, boss of the choppers—shouting snatches of songs as they filed along the draw-road, and bringing with them the week's mail for Watford and myself. Always there was a letter on grey note-paper for Watford, and I soon remarked that it was always the first read.

Watford and I did not get along. Dating right from our first hand-shake at Bala Park—he came up by a later train—there was no give-and-take between us. Watford was from the west, quick to act, unthinking, and he got on my nerves. Our dislike was mutual. And the lonely nature of our work accentuated it. Hours and hours we would measure along a picket line far behind the others, cut off from all the world save for the distant thud of the choppers' axes and an infrequent glimpse of Callaghan's arm a mile away as he waved signals ahead, keeping the line of pickets straight with the aid of his transit. We were the chainmen of the gang.

The Wednesday of our last week on the Muskosh Watford was particularly trying. It is all very well to say we did not understand each other, and he was used to western ways, and so on, but that is no reason why he should have let his end of the chain go slack without warning that afternoon while we were measuring through a bit of knee-deep swamp, plunging me head and heels in the miry stuff. He laughed immoderately when I emerged mud-covered. Had the chain been six feet long instead of sixty-six there would have been blows.

AFTER supper that evening I cleaned the mud out of my hair, finishing up with a lusty swim in the black water below Big Eddy. It was too grand an evening to spend inside a tent. I climbed the steep rock that rises from the river just beyond the turn of the draw-road and sat a long time watching the swirl of the river as it raced towards Georgian Bay. A man came loping along the draw-road, striking sparks from the stones; probably Napoleon, who had been despatched to Sahanatien for tobacco. He might be bringing in some mail as well.

Half an hour later I raised the flap of our tent. Watford was asleep, a smile on his full lips. He did not stir while I loosened my clothing. As I sat up to blow out the candle I felt the crackle of something stiff under me and fished out from the fold of my blanket a bit of paper. It was a photograph of three young women waving kisses to the camera. Behind them a road and a slender wharf that jutted out into a lake. One of the women was large and fair; another, slight and dark.

The third was—*you*!

The snap-shot slipped from my fingers. I snatched at it and picked up first instead a sheet of grey note-paper. The photograph, though—I had recovered it. Had my dream on the train, then, been no dream at all? And how had the photograph come here?

I turned it over. On the back the same hand that wrote the grey letters had penned four lines of banter. For signature there was a capital E.

Elly and Blondey and sister of Dick,
Blondey and Elly and Sis
Send to a much-beloved boy in the bush
One little long-distance kiss.

BLONDEY was easy to find. Sis—she must be the dark girl in the centre of the picture. That left only you, and the capital E for signature. You were Elly! Yours were the grey letters. In that moment I hated you, and Watford, and the world.

"Well what the devil!" I looked up to find Watford's face shoved close to mine.

"So that's the kind you are," he sneered. "I'll have to lock up my things, I guess, or else move in with the Indians. Did the letter prove interesting?"

"I didn't read your letter," I said shortly.

Without another word he put it and the photograph back in their envelope. I turned my back. After he had stuffed the letter noisily into the pocket of the coat he used as a pillow, Watford blew out the candle and was quiet.

"SO long," called Callaghan over his shoulder. "We'll drop Watford off where the line cuts the road. You better give him time to mark one post." The livery driver flicked his horse and the rig with its load of three clattered over the stony road toward Bala. It was Saturday afternoon—just two days ago—and the Indians were already away to Sahanatien.

Half an hour later I took the road myself. At the eighth concession line, where a narrow swathe cut through the bush crossed the road diagonally I turned south, following the pickets, and soon reached a lot boundary. Two cedar posts lay there, newly marked with the iron tool Watford carried, ready to be planted fast in the loam. Using the flat of my axe I sank them a chain's-length apart with the R facing inwards. R means road in surveyor's shorthand where [illegible] temporary stakes in the bush on either hand marked the sides of the road allowance. Then I went on.

Always my thoughts were of you. Had not the grey letters come as regularly as before we moved camp to the Muskosh. Two had been given on Tuesday and on Tuesday evening I had happened on Watford talking earnestly with Callaghan. The snap-shot was in Watford's hand.

"THAT'S the girl," he had said, as they bent over it together.

"*The* girl, I figure," Callaghan had retorted, laughing. I almost resigned off-hand that night. The firm's letter, asking me to come south at once, was in my pocket.

Why did I stay? Ask of the moth why he wings near the flame. And yet I would rather have perished Watford's pocket than so much as glance at the post-mark on one of those grey letters. Sometimes I had to wonder at them.

As the afternoon wore on I came to a projected cross-roads, placed by some strange freak of mis-chance on the summit of a rocky hill, where no road would ever run. Four posts to make fast here, and each must be set firm with boulders, carried from some distance. The result was that I was only one lot's width beyond the cross-roads when Watford appeared, home bound.

"South boundary's two posts on," he said.

"All right." It was not our habit to waste words. I was surprised when he did not go on immediately. Evidently he had something further to say. Then, hesitatingly, he began:

"I say, Haress. I've arranged a little party for to-morrow. Some friends of mine are coming for the day. Sis and her husband—and a couple of others. He paused. The pause grew to be a silence.

ALREADY my breath was coming fast, yet not fast enough to satisfy the heave of my lungs. "Well?" I queried thickly. He mistook my emotion for hostility, which it was not.

"Oh, of course if you're going to be rotten about it—. But I thought you might surprise yourself for once and be a sport. Take my advice, though—don't start anything!"

Continued on page 127.

In the Forefront

Hon. Duncan Marshall, Chief Farmer of Alberta; Mrs. Gordon Wright, who is a Feminist by Conscience; Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt, of the 83rd Battalion, C. E. F.; Rt. Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Bishop of Edmonton

Chief Farmer for Alberta

By Don Hunt

MISS E. JENSEN entered four cows, Roan, Lena, Beauty and Hilda by name, in the cow testing competition at the Olds School of Agriculture in Alberta. Other cows entered in the same test by other pupils, boys and girls, included Blue, Star, Daisy, Fairy, Ruby, Jenny, Phyllis, Dinah, Polly, Pinkerton and Violet. Miss Jensen's Hilda, however, surpassed all the rest In the period of the contest, Hilda gave 7121.5 pounds of milk, with 4.5 per cent. butter fat. A goodly cow was Hilda

The prizes were distributed on a Gala Day, when the parents of the pupils, and farmers from the surrounding Alberta prairie and foothill country came in to school What did Miss Jensen get? A manicure set? A volume of Oscar Wild? A package of scented cigarettes?

No! What the young lady actually did receive was not any of these exotic rewards which sometimes characterize competitions, but a nice, little, roan, short horn calf!

THE man under whose direction this contest was held, and who is the responsible head of the Department of Agriculture in Alberta, with supervision over the three Schools of Agriculture, is Hon. Duncan Marshall, and the prize of a calf instead of a geegaw sums up his whole policy of common-sense

HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL

Originator of Alberta's "from-the-soil-up" Agricultural Schools

Alberta's system of agricultural education, under Mr. Marshall, differs from that in vogue in most provinces; is different, for example, from the methods used in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In these provinces centralization is the key note, with a magnificent and imposing plant situated at some one point. In Ontario it is the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph; in Manitoba it is the Agricultural College in the suburbs of Winnipeg; in Saskatchewan, it is the Faculty of Agriculture in the provincial university at Saskatoon

In Alberta there is a faculty of agriculture as part of President Torrey's virile University of Alberta in Strathcona (Edmonton), but the heart of agricultural education in the foothill province is in the three agricultural schools, one in the Southern Mormon district at Claresholm, another in the central district at Olds, and the third in the north at Vermilion, on the main line of the Canadian Northern

THESE schools are not epoch making architecturally, nor pretentious in plant or equipment. They are plain and neat and modest but they are efficient, and, sincerest praise of all, they reach the farmers! Instead of their sons and daughters being compelled, at much inconvenience and expense, to go to a college at a long distance from their homes, they can go to a school much nearer, at less cost. And they acquire practical knowledge to fit themselves for the actual life of a typical farm

Is Mr. Marshall's scheme a success? Is it appreciated? Let us examine testimony first from outside the bounds of the province and the country altogether, where local prejudice would be excluded, and then from one or two parents who have witnessed the progress their own children have made at the schools

First, let us see what the Boston Transcript says about it, editorially. The Transcript, as you know, is one of the learned dailies of the United States, one of those papers which the high brow section on the staff of the University of Toronto, read to the practical exclusion of the Toronto or Montreal press, which they disdain as "trivial." As a matter of fact, from the standpoint of journalism (and after all, that is the main test of a newspaper, isn't it?), I should say there are at least two or three papers in Montreal and Toronto which are better newspapers than the Transcript, but nevertheless, it is a respectable, solid paper, and the comment of a New England authority on an educational system in one of our western provinces must be illuminating.

"NEW England's deep concern," it says, "in whatever offers a possibility of agricultural development, makes Alberta's experiment in agricultural education interesting. The Canadian province has just completed its first year of experience with a

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A Feminist by Conscience

By Natalie B Symmes

ONCE upon a time there was a little brown-eyed girl in an Ontario village. She had two brothers and a conscience; which is enough to plague the life out of anyone.

One day, Brother No. 1 came pounding into the house, closely followed by Brother No. 2, announcing breathlessly:

"Oh, Saizie, look at who's out in front! It's Miss Blank, the woman lecturer!"

Then Sister Saizie shook the curls sternly out of her eyes and got a brother by each hand.

"Don't you dare go and look at her, the bold thing," she commanded, "lecturing is no business for a woman."

But after they had retired, crestfallen, to the back yard, she crept to the front window and peeked through the curtains, to watch with guilty awe, as the emancipated one's train shoo-shoo'd down the street.

And Fate, the mischievous old dame, had to stuff her hanky into her wicked mouth to keep from laughing outright.

Some years have passed—not so very many at that—and

MRS. GORDON WRIGHT
President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union

MRS. GORDON WRIGHT the heroine of this tale, is Vice-President of the London Red Cross Society, which is headquarters for the District. She is also President of the London Conference Branch of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Vice-President of the National Equal Suffrage Union, and President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union, which, with its sixteen thousand members, is the largest undenominational women's organization in Canada.

But—and this is the biggest compliment of which the writer is capable—you'd never think it to look at her!

"Saizie Rowell" comes of a family that knows how. And you can't keep a know-how down. What is more mysterious still, no known means has been discovered whereby a real know-how can keep himself down. N. W. Rowell, the brilliant leader of the Ontario Opposition, is Mrs. Wright's brother. It is an open secret that the Liberal Party had the struggle of its strugglesome life to persuade him into politics. He didn't want to shine. What is just as certain is, that the opponents of the Liberals were set on extinguishing his very first glimmer. But it couldn't be done. He was a know-how, a can-do, a born-to-lead. And he has abundantly arrived.

WHEN his sister first appeared in public, nothing but the sternest and most Calvinistic sense of duty carried her up the platform steps. The occasion was a missionary meeting—ladies only—and the twenty auditors present had to strain their ears to catch the fluttered whispers of little scared-to-pieces twenty-three, who trembled so that she had to hold her paper with both hands, and couldn't have looked up if her life depended on it. She went home and told her amused husband that she would never speak in public again—never, never, NEVER—because if she did, it would kill her.

But as I told you before, she had a conscience, and the heathen wouldn't let her conscience alone. The Hindoo widows stretched thin hands to her through Zenana-bars, the little broken feet of dead Chinese girls pattered over her heart. Nearer still, she could hear the drunkard's wife crying in the night, right in the house behind.

Wasn't it selfish, perhaps, to stay at home and cook and play with her baby and her paint box?

MORE than twenty years ago Mrs. Wright joined the London W. C. T. U. Her eldest son was in knickerbockers, but she felt that she owed it to her family. Her first office was the superintendency of the Department of Anti-Narcotics, one of the thirty-two phases of reform work so capably handled by the W. C. T. U., who have been pioneers in almost every line treated of by women's organizations to-day—franchise, domestic science, home mission work in lumber camps and to sailors and soldiers, scientific temperance instruction in the schools, the securing of better laws for women factory workers, the agitation against hurtful patent medicines, and lastly the Banish the Bar crusade which has won and lost many big fights.

In due time Mrs. Wright became President of the local Union. This was followed in 1898 by the Recording Secretaryship for the Province of Ontario. Two years later Mrs. Wright became Corresponding Secretary, in 1903 received the Vice-Presidency and, some eight years ago, was elected President of the Dominion White Ribboners, which position she still holds.

SOMEWHERE along the pathway, the temperance worker had become a convinced suffragist. She isn't one of the type who demand the vote for self-development, or, stridently, as the "mere right of a human being." Mrs. Wright wants to vote because she believes she can vote out the liquor traffic, the social evil, the gambling curse and other things which she has fought in other ways, and so far, unsuccessfully. If the Antis could convince her that her place of greatest usefulness was before the piano or behind the prayer book rather than at the polls, she'd be the antiest Anti of them all. But so far, they can't make her see it that way.

And then came the War—arresting missionary work; turning the suffragists' activities into other channels; taking the huge liquor question out of the hands of the reformers to lay it at the door of the government; creating a brand-new department of women's helpfulness to man with the click of the knitting needle

That Mrs. Wright should go into Red Cross work was inevitable. That, under the leadership of Lady Beck, the London organization of which Mrs. Wright is the energetic Vice-President, should grow so that only Ottawa and Montreal surpass it in output, is no surprise to those who know. That the Vice-President's three eldest boys should all have volunteered for the Front—the fourth being still at High School—was also matter of common expectation. There is nothing on earth that a mother loves as she loves her boys. But no conscience-mother to-day dreams of refusing them to the country.

AS a speaker, Mrs. Wright is forceful, pleasing, humorous when the situation calls for it, and intensely in earnest at all times. But it is perhaps as a presiding officer that she excels. To put an audience into a good frame of mind, to be parliamentary without being stiff, are things that seem to come by instinct in the Rowell family, as do the little interjected spur-of-the-moment remarks, the thoughts-on-the-feet that give zest and variety to the business session. As a presiding officer, Mrs. Wright is never a figure head.

Those who are acquainted with both Jean Blewett and the Dominion President find comparison inevitable. It is no chance that the two are warm personal friends for they have many points in common, points not only of manner but of deeper and more characteristic importance. The same ease in speaking, the same smiling suavity in meeting people, the same air of the child-enjoying-itself that is so charming and so unusual in the grown woman of affairs; above all, the same touch of deliberate old-fashionedness in faith and fancy distinguish them both.

And then of course they have so many common interests.

LIEUT.-COL. PELLATT

Machine Gun expert C. O. of the 83rd Battalion ... all round "good head"

Every Inch a Soldier

By Hugh S. Eayrs

IF sweets to the sweet why not things soldierly to the soldier? Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt—call him Reggie, for everyone else does—has been made commanding officer of the 83rd Overseas Battalion, and no more fitting appointment has been made in connection with the Forces.

The story of "Reggie" Pellatt is the story of a soldier. Ever since he had an ambitions they were along the line of uniforms and puttees and such. Most small boys incline to the idea of street-car conducting or engine-driving. Reggie Pellatt substituted that of being a soldier, and he has been true to his boyish imaginings

He looks a soldier He stands four-square to the wind, whether it be zephyr of adulation and flattery and popularity, or the stiff breeze of criticism and caustic comment. He is, as you may discern from the accompanying photograph — and it is typical—a son of his father. His height, his breadth, the firm, rather full face, all indeed but the amazing girth of his Dad are duplicated in the son and heir. Possibly the girth will be added later To him that hath . . . and "Reggie" inclines to fullnes

HIS face, of course, is the truest of indices. He has the lips of determination, as if, having set his hand to the plough, there can be no going back. A clear eye, a good forehead indicating, for sure, understanding and quick comphrehension, a firm chin that sticks out a little as if its owner wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, might be credited with the completest resolution to get it—these are the characteristics of the face and of the man. You might—if he were reasonably smaller and much more tubby—imagine that "Reggie" Pellatt were a typical John Bull. He gets more like that glorious type as the days go by. He is filling out quickly.

"Reggie" Pellatt joined the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada just as soon as he could. He joined as a private—no more, though his Father was commanding officer of the regiment, and his Father's son might have found an easier way to a commission. It was not long before "Reggie" became corporal, nor much longer before he got the other stripe and was a fully fledged sergeant. There was one branch of the service which attracted him mightily and that was the machine gun work. This had not been much developed heretofore, and Reggie saw in it an opening for making an important personal contribution to the laurels of the regiment and an opportunity of connecting his name with some definite and outstanding movement. He got his bunch of men together, and he got his books. The one he taught, and from the other he learned, and bye and bye he had the slickest machine gun battery in Canada. He put time and energy into the thing until he knew a machine gun through and through ,and all the appurtenances thereto. Meanwhile he had been taking an officer's course, and sitting up nights to "swat" till he won through and gained his commission. They made him, *of course*, commanding officer of the machine gun section.

"REGGIE" wanted to show people the work of his hands and there came the day—or rather the night—when his men took a machine gun from together and put it back again in something just over a minute. The crowd in the Armories was pleased. This was—as Rex Beach would say—"Goin' some." "Reggie" Pellatt has always remained true to the first love. The machine gun is his specialty.

His rise was rapid. He was ever a man that did things. The Q. O. R. was made into a two-part regiment—the only one so divided, in the piping times of peace—and "Reggie" was made a Captain.

His father, Sir Henry, decided to take six hundred Q. O. R. stalwarts to England in 1910. "Reggie" went along. He remembers that trip. It is bound up, in association, with oysters! The story is old now but in a sketch of the younger Pellatt it may be recalled. Several of the officers indulged, *en voyage*, in delectable dishes of oysters. Why not? Oysters are nutritious, and there is a subtle attractiveness to them, a flavor about the very name. It came to pass though that the oysters were not all they should have been, and some of the officers—including "Reggie"—knew it to their cost. One of them died. "Reggie" himself had a narrow shave, and was very ill. The regiment lost one brave officer, and it came near losing another as equally useful.

THE Q. O. R. made a hit in England, and came back to Canada and Captain Reggie Pellatt succeeded Captain George as Adjutant. He has always been enthusiastic over and attentive to the business end of military affairs. You see, he was with his father in the firm of Pellatt & Pellatt, brokers, and he might be expected to know his business p's and q's. The business of running a regiment and running it rightly is a considerable detail, and "Reggie" as adjutant took over this end of the Q. O. R. and devoted a lot of time to it.

The time came when he set his mind upon being a staff officer, and he hied himself to Kingston for the necessary training. In due course he qualified, and his regiment found him an asset when war's clarms metamorphosed the Q. O. R. and made it rampant.

[illegible] has done [illegible] work and done it more [illegible] more willingly since [illegible] year than [illegible] Reginald [illegible] latt. When three provincial [illegible] of Infantry were organized for [illegible] training the Minister of Militia [illegible] round for someone to put in [illegible] and he chose Reggie and placed him in command of the three.

During the long and [illegible] at the Exhibition last [illegible] was orderly officer to General [illegible] and from that he was promoted [illegible] made Junior Major of the [illegible] Overseas Battalion. Now [illegible] ago, he has been made [illegible] Colonel and Commanding Officer [illegible] the 83rd.

THUS far he has gone. He will go still farther. Son of a [illegible] bred in the atmosphere of [illegible] ders. [illegible] one [illegible] keen [illegible] one of the most [illegible] men he has a distinguished [illegible] fore him. When he [illegible] the [illegible] we know we shall hear things of [illegible] and his men. He is a great leader, the personality of Reggie Pellatt [illegible] magnetic. It draws men unto [illegible] He has no 'side,' no [illegible] aggerated ego. He is [illegible] personable essentially [illegible] men think the most [illegible] friends will phrase it [illegible] suggestive colloquialism—[illegible] head."

The Bishop Who Never Grew Up

By May L. Armitage

THE Boston Transcript once published the following news item—"Yesterday morning broke dull and cloudy, but about noon Phillips Brooks came down town!"

Though the Edmonton dailies have not seen fit to sum up the situation in so trite a manner, nevertheless there lives a man just around the corner from the main thoroughfare whose name might well be inserted in the above phrasing—Rt. Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Bishop of Edmonton.

For twenty years Bishop Gray has lived and labored in Edmonton. He has watched the city grow from a hamlet to a thriving metropolis; he had been on the ground during many struggles of might against right, and every time he has been on the side of right as he has seen it; his services have been at the disposal of each organization, irrespective of creed where he might be of use, but [illegible] all he has labored for the boys.

You are more likely to find Bishop Gray on the busiest street corner in the midst of a lot of [illegible] than you are to meet him [illegible] stately function. A news [illegible] is far more of a drawing card than a reception where all the cream may be kow-towing. In speaking of [illegible] affairs, "the seats of the mighty" and honors that are pressed upon him his Lordship summed up the situation as follows. "I dodge them," he said with a knowing twinkle of the eye; and so he does very successfully.

"But how do you get in touch with so many, many boys, Bishop Gray?" an interested enquirer asked.

"Oh, I just speak to them on the street first and then getting acquainted

s easy" the Bishop replied. "They come and see me" he added with a wave of his hand around the study.

"You see," he continued proudly, "I'm one of them; I took out a newsboy's license in 1912, and I have the authority to sell papers on the streets or black boots any day of the year."

"Ye powers and dignitaries of the Established Church!" thought the astounded hearer.

Without doubt the Bishop's hobby s boys, boys, and still more boys! He has none of his own, being a bachelor, and what a gathering some boys have missed! Perhaps his heart has opened wider to the multitude on this account. When one hears him say "my boys" one knows Bishop Gray for what he is, the simple tender man with the big heart, whose influence on young manhood is priceless.

HIS study walls are lined with boys framed and unframed little and big, in uniform and in bathing suits, in groups and singly, and besides there is an immense snap-shot album filled with camping scenes, coasting scenes, fishing scenes, picnics, and revelries of all sorts, and in nearly everyone of them the Bishop almost blotted out with boys swarming around him. He has watched many of these boys through their childhood, adolescence and early manhood as the photographs testify, and now he has many, many, of his boys" serving king and country at the front.

His face grew very grave and tender as he picked up a large portfolio bursting with letters "From my boys at the front," he said. "I hear from some of them nearly every day." On top of the pile lay a postal card from a small bugler at the Barracee Camp, Calgary, very painstakingly written and just received that morning. It read, "Dear Bishop Gray—We arrived here safe and sound. I hope you are in the best of health as it leaves me at present. Respectfully yours——"

"And this I call my Best Boy," the Bishop said, handing the visitor a large photograph of a splendid manly chap in uniform. "He is at the front somewhere, and wherever he is I am sure he is doing his duty. By the way," he continued, "that boy is a Roman Catholic; I have watched him grow up; and he is one of my best friends. During one of my absences some time ago he took entire charge of my correspondence and showed the greatest ability in the way he handled the work

Taking up another photograph. "Here is another boy," he said, "who wanted to go to the front so badly, but he is on a farm, and his mother is a widow, and I told him someone must stay and harvest the grain.

Bishop Gray's heart is very deeply in the war; he comes from an English sea-faring family. "In fact," he said, "I think I am the only member of my family who has not been to sea." He attended school in Germany in his

BT REV JOSEPH ALLEN GRAY
Who "left off riding after cattle to herd sheep." And the sheep we [illegible]

early youth, and is most familiar with the present war territory having travelled extensively in France and Belgium When his schooling was finished he entered an office in London, and in 1886 came to Canada, and with a friend went ranching, west of Calgary So you see Bishop Gray is not only a licensed newsboy and boot-black - and he wears his badge very proudly upon occasion—but has also been a real cow-puncher

IT seems a far call from ranching to the ministry As his Lordship himself puts it 'I left off riding after cattle to herd sheep." He does not say anything about the lambs, but when one sees him presiding at juvenile court, handling the boys so wisely and tactfully, one may well think of the Good Shepherd, and the carrying of the lambs in His bosom

Bishop Gray was lay reader at the nearest church on the ranch for a white and there the desire to enter the ministry asserted itself. He went to St John's College, Winnipeg, and obtained his degree in 1885, taking charge of Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton South (known then as Strathcona), on June 23rd of that year. In 1897 he was made rector of All Saints Church, being appointed Archdeacon in 1907 and Bishop of the Edmonton diocese in 1914, by an overwhelming vote.

SO Bishop Gray knows and loves Edmonton, and Edmonton loves and knows him. It was hard to call him "Bishop" for a while. It seemed as though it might be a bar—a dignified title which would in some mysterious way change him. This delusion vanished as a mist however. No title, be it Lord High Commissioner of the realm, would have the power to chill that genial smile ever so little, and the keen grey eyes would hold just as much humor and as little self-consciousness should their owner be made Archbishop of Canterbury

Simplicity is the keynote of the Bishop's style of living He owns neither automobile nor gallant charger. When you step upon the verandah of the old fashioned rectory, you see a plain little wooden sign marked "office." You follow the directions around the corner, and come to an unostentatious wooden door, which even a small boy would feel that he could knock upon, and the minute you make yourself heard the Bishop calls a welcome He is there to be seen at certain hours every day, at the service of the least pretentious parishioner or the grubbiest boy in the city. There is no being handed from attendant to secretary, no awe-inspiring butler to scare off humble applicants! You enter the "office," which is really a well equipped study, and there, with the pictures of the boys smiling down at you, you tell the Bishop just what you hoped you might be able to, but feared you would not

Of course, with his election to the office of bishop, came added responsibilities and many outside calls on

Continued on page 124

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain the new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an iridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut, had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had marked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto passes them, the occupants of which seemed to Drew's excited imagination to be Dr. Crow and the dead girl. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two motionless guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They discover a secret room apparently well-used. A bullet is found embedded in the wall. Suddenly there is the sound of running feet, and a man staggers in. He proves to be Barton wounded and unconscious. The three leave the house via the window.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

He nodded. Then I saw him turn a look of real concern on our captive. Barton had gone pretty white again and was already turning limp on our hands.

"Take one more drink," said Jeffrey encouragingly, "and then do exactly what I tell you. There's nothing to worry about.

"Keep on walking till you get to the trees, then turn a little to the right, so that you parallel the path to the gate. Take care to keep tolerably well hidden. You don't have to be too careful about it. But be sure and get close to the gate.

"Then wait there, whatever happens, until you see the men come in. I think they'll all come in. At any rate, they won't leave more than one,

and you can deal with him, if you have to, Drew, as circumstances seem to dictate. But don't look for trouble. As soon as the men have come through the gate you slip out and start straight down the road. And don't bother about anything you hear coming behind you."

He shot another look at Barton. "Better now?" he asked. "All right."

Without waiting for any answer, he crossed the road and soon lost himself to our view in the trees on the other side. Barton and I walked forward as he had instructed, took shelter gladly enough when we could get it, and then paralleled the path down to the gate.

It seemed strange to catch another whiff of tobacco as we pulled up there. The man was still smoking. It seemed hours—years—since we had left him there. I leaned Barton up against a tree just inside the gate and settled myself to await developments.

They weren't long coming. It couldn't have been two minutes after we had taken our position, when I heard a cry of alarm—a shout—a revolver shot—the sound of some one running, plunging heavily through the underbrush—and then the shrill scream of a police-whistle, or what sounded like it. The effect on the watchers outside was, as might be expected instantaneous. They came tumbling through the gate, three of them, running in the dazed manner of men just startled by a sudden alarm. I remember seeing the smoker putting his pipe in his pocket with one hand while he tugged at a revolver with the other.

Without Jeffrey's explicit instructions, I should have left Barton to take his chance and tried to go to my friend's assistance. For the terror of the outcry, the revolver-shot, and the sound of that heavy body plunging, blundering among the trees, were all very realistic and not less ominous.

But previous experience had taught me that it wasn't easy to improve on his instructions. So I obeyed them literally. Barton and I were out in the road in no time at all, and making the best pace away from Beech Hill that his condition would allow.

I remember thinking, as we trudged along, that I could promise myself one thing with a good deal of confidence—that I'd never go inside those gates again. If any one had prophesied that I should find myself there once more before the light of another morning, I should have called him a lunatic. After all, though, I didn't go in through the gates.

We tramped along in glum silence. What Barton's thoughts might be I didn't know. He seemed to be moving at every step solely by force of will. For myself, I was worried about Jeffrey. But suddenly even the thought of him was swallowed up in the alarming realization that behind us on the road was an approaching automobile. It was coming along pretty fast, too.

I had begun looking about in the moonlit brightness for something that would serve for 'cover to hide in until it should go by, when I remembered the last thing Jeffrey had said.

"Don't mind anything you hear coming from behind."

So, though it seemed like courting immediate capture, I gripped Barton's arm a little more firmly, and we plodded doggedly along. The car came rapidly nearer. Then, as it got to a position where its driver must have been able to see us, I heard it slowing down. Of course we had given it ample room to pass, and the sudden checking of its speed was so ominous that if it hadn't been too late I'd have tried for a bolt even then.

The clutch was out as it came alongside, creaking in the dark. And then I got another surprise; the sound of Jeffrey's chuckle from the driver's seat.

"All right," he

Gwendolyn had joined us, but sat off at the far end of the room by herself

said. "Tumble in and I'll take you into Oldborough in no time."

But Barton stood stock-still in the road.

"I don't know who you are," he said, "nor what you're trying to do. I don't know what you've been doing, nor I don't care. But I'm not going to make any getaway. I have had enough. If you want to take me to the police-station in Oldborough, all right. If you don't why go your way and leave me here."

"I don't know yet," said Jeffrey soberly, "exactly what it is that you've got on your conscience. I've no idea of helping you to escape from the penalty of it. But if you do what you just said, go now and give yourself up, there's a worse man than you who'll get off. You've got a queer story to tell. The police won't believe it, but we will and we want you to tell it to us first. He's a devil, Barton. Don't play straight into his hand. Jump in."

Without another word Barton obeyed and dropped back with a sigh of exhaustion against the cushions in the tonneau. I was about to follow him when Jeffrey beckoned me to take the front seat beside himself.

"I suppose," said I, as we started on again, "that this is the car the men were watching in. Don't you think you've got us in pretty deep by taking it?"

"I don't see that," said Jeffrey. "According to the stenciling on the inside of the top, it's the property of Wellgood's garage in Oldborough. I found it abandoned on the road, and I'm taking it back. I'll give them my own name, and tell them that they can find me up to-to-morrow morning at the hotel. Incidentally, I may find out who hired the car. Not that I haven't a pretty good guess already.

"We'll stop first at the main entrance of the hotel. You can take Barton in the front door, find out the number of Jack's rooms from the register, and take him there. Gwendolyn's idea of the towel hanging out of the window was interesting, but perhaps a little theatrical. And besides, I don't believe Barton could get in through another window to-night to save his life. Get him into bed and give him some more brandy. I'll be back from the garage in ten minutes. Forget that we're housebreakers, Drew. Nobody knows it but ourselves."

Jeffrey often gave advice that looked pretty hard to follow, though the difficulties in the way of it often vanished miraculously, when one walked straight up to them. This case was no exception. Until I met the eye of the sleepy night-clerk in the little Oldborough Hotel, I felt as if I had "burglar" written all over me in letters no one could fail to read. As for Barton, I thought when I got a look at him that he was enough to discredit the respectability of Mr. Carnegie.

But when I walked boldly up to the register, and the clerk, instead of ringing the fire-alarm and shouting for the police, had offered to let me register with a worn pen dipped in gummy ink, my career of crime dropped off me like a cloak, and I was my own man again. I told the clerk it would be necessary to call Mr. Marshall, and that I believed he had engaged an extra room for my companion and myself. He did look a bit queerly at Barton for a minute, but he made no trouble about doing as I asked.

Jack opened the door of the unoccupied room in answer to my knock just in time to catch Barton as he toppled and fell in a second faint. He recovered consciousness rather quickly after we had laid him on the bed, but it was evident that the man was not far from the end of his physical resources. We were debating—Gwendolyn had joined us, but sat off at the far end of the room by herself—whether it would be safe to let him go till morning without sending for a doctor, when Jeffrey came back

"I was right in my guess as to who hired the automobile," he said. "It was Richards. I left word that if he wanted any explanation of the disappearance of the car, he could come here, and I imagine he'll turn up within an hour or two."

He went over and sat down beside Barton on the bed. "You know who Richards is, don't you?"

The man nodded indifferently.

"When Richards comes," Jeffrey went on, "the affair will be taken out of our hands. But if you'll tell us the truth now, we'll be able to help you."

"I'm past help," said Barton. "It doesn't matter what happens to me."

"It matters to other people, though," said Jeffrey. "You aren't the only one who's fallen into Crow's clutches."

At the mention of Crow's name an extraordinary change came over Barton. Spots of bright color appeared in his cheeks, and he breathed quickly for a minute, like a man who has been running.

"You said Crow was a devil," he said, "and you're right. It's no use trying to prove anything on him. That's what I tried to do But it was no good. Let him alone or he'll get you where he got me—me and—"

He stopped short, and his eyes widened as if once more he saw a ghostly face in front of him, and his own turned the color of the dingy sheets.

"We've got him, Barton," said Jeffrey quietly. "All we need is your help. Tell us the story."

Barton stared at him a moment with a feverish look of hope Then, with a sigh sank back against the pillow

"It's no use," he said "You wouldn't believe it"

"I can tell you part of it now" said Jeffrey "Shall I? Your wife has told us part of the story already How the woman you know as Irene Fournier came to your house and rented a room there, how she began giving you tips about your clients how she told you about Miss Meredith, and how Miss Meredith came

"It was after Miss Meredith's first visit wasn't it that Crow came and saw Irene? You found out about that somehow, though Irene didn't mean you to She gave you some sort of explanation of Crow's visit and of his identity that prevented you from suspecting anything then.

"But afterward, when she disappeared, you thought of Crow and tracked him as a means of finding her It was nothing but a business proposition to you, was it? Miss Meredith was too good game to let go so easy.

"No." said Barton. "That wasn't it. Crow is a devil, right enough, but that woman is a witch. I knew from the first that she was playing with me using me. I knew every time she let her hands touch me that it was only to turn me into a puppet to do her bidding and dance when she pulled the strings.

Jeffrey looked at him in relief now He frowned and shrank a little away from Barton "So that was it," was it?" he asked in a hesitating voice

"That was all there was to it. What did I care about Miss Meredith and her money We were doing a good business We didn't want to bloody hands But Irene—I tell you I wanted her I knew I'd never have her I knew she despised me and laughed at me She hadn't the heart of a plotter And yet when she wanted to own she looked at me with those big innocent eyes of hers, she could make me believe anything she said She used to tell me stories about when she was a child the games she used to play and the work in the fields She said her folks were peasants, and she'd tell me how they used to make the cider in the fall

"That was in France?" said Jeffrey

Barton nodded "She dressed up once for me in peasant's dress, and she looked like an angel, I tell you"

"What part of France?" asked Jeffrey

"Normandy, she said Oh, it was all lies I suppose She'd got the costume for some fancy ball. But when she told me, with that soft, appealing sort of look, about how she'd never had any mother, and how she'd been brought up by an aunt she hated and who hated her, and had never had any love or kindness—oh, she drove me crazy!"

To be continued.

The Rise of The Rockies

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

GOD said, "Let there be light." And there was light. He said, "Let there be Rockies." And there were Rockies. But it took Him a long time to do it.

Back in the Cambrian Period, so many millions of years ago that even the most experienced geologist gets dizzy thinking his way into it, the corner stone of the Rockies was laid. Previous to this time, North America as we know it was almost entirely above sea-level and if there were animals on it, they departed without telling us. But at the beginning of the Cambrian Period, the continent sank gradually till the Pacific met the Atlantic and both whispered to the Arctic across the whole of Canada except the little stubborn island around and over the bed of the present Lakes Superior and Huron where the oldest rocks of the world were told to stand still and keep their iron, copper, nickel, cobalt and gold where they'd be easy for the future Canadians to get at

Over on the western border where the Rockies were to be, the Chief Architect sketched out a narrow trough, some 1,600 miles north to south, and here the waves began to lay down the sediment for the future Rockies.

AT that time, you must know, the world's most prominent, highly cultured and scenically-arrayed citizen was Mr. Trilobite, with his friend Brachiopod as a close second. Trilly was sometimes quite two feet long, looked like a simplified and non-ferocious lobster, and appeared in endless variety of cousins and subcousins all over the habitable (and watery) globe. Brach was a shell-dweller of clam-like outline and both of them lived and swam and ate and died and were fossilized all over North America and into Europe, with such uniformity that it has been supposed that all seas were joined and shallow and all Brachs and Trillys formed a socialistic brotherhood across the world, for the two or three million years of Cambrian time.

The geologic clock ticked on through the Ordovician, the Silurian and the Devonian Periods. The sea teemed with life. All sorts of shells lay in coiled heaps in the shallow waters; billions of coral insects who keep no union-hours built on and up and died; slender crinoids ("stone lilies") swung on their graceful stems and left us their photographs in the slates and shales; and real fish swam in the sea at last with the knowledge that they were the highest types yet evolved.

All this time the great trough was filling with layer on layer of sediment which kept on drifting down into it, ever more rapidly as the rest of the continent rose and the Selkirks towered on its western boundary. Huge trees shot up from the swamps of the Coal Period; thirty foot lizards crawled up out of the sea and twenty foot bats zigzagged across it under the moon. But still the Rockies lay beneath the ocean, deepening with every thousand years that ticked over them. For the floor beneath them dropped gradually as the trough threatened to fill

At last, in the Cretaceous Period, millions of years ago as we look at things, but just day-before-yesterday to the geologist, our friend the Hesperornis, who was a diving bird who could boast of no wings but owned a row of teeth in his business-like mouth, was going down after his wiggling Friday dinner, when an earthquake rose out of the bowels of nowhere and jarred him home into Birdland before his time.

This was nothing more nor less than the preliminary rumble of a process lasting a few odd thousands of years. The Chief Architect had peered down under the waters. He was satisfied with His Rockies, laid out flat and tidy in the basement, so He rang the bell for the elevator to bring them up.

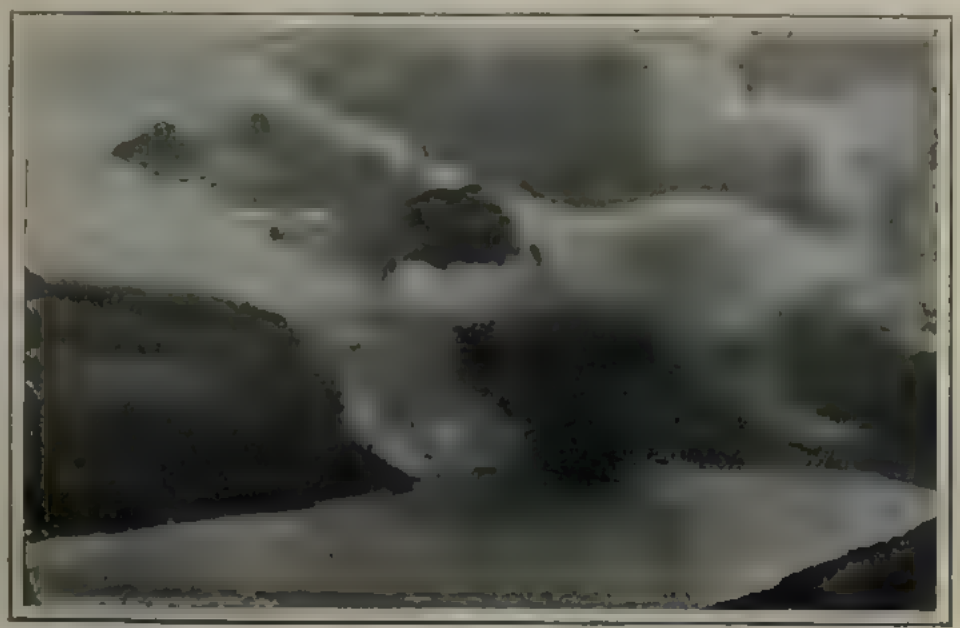
Had the core of the earth been shrinking and must the skin wrinkle and accommodate itself to the lessened supporting surface? That's one guess anyway. And if so, the recently-filled trough was a seam, a weak line in the rocky skin, and therefore a good place to put in a crack.

Little by little, a few feet at a time the Rockies rose, crumpling, grumbling, pushing across each other, taking up twenty-five miles of slack for every twenty-five of straight east-and-west distance covered. There was something like twenty thousand feet of sediment laid down in the trough and it took a long time to stand it up in folds.

When completed, the new raw Rockies were probably some thousands of feet higher than they are today, but they weren't mountains—not the jagtoothed, castle-builded peaks we know. They were just a big blocky rolls, ready to be carved.

AND here was where the Chief Architect summoned his head workmen, the Glacier and the River

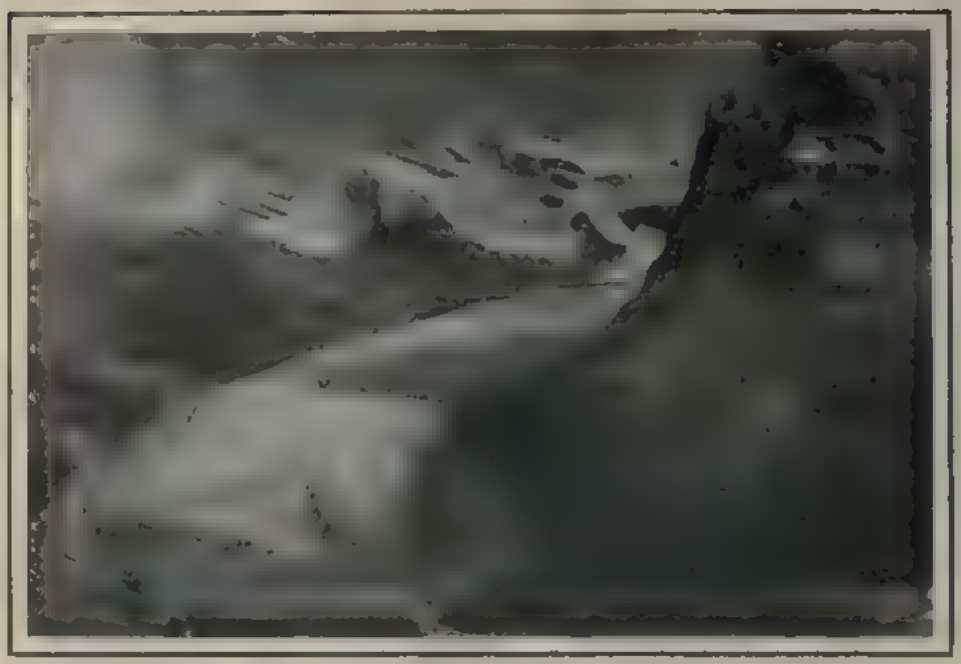
The Trilobites



Once the whole of Canada was scratched and scarred by glaciers that dug out the beds for great lakes

and the Brachiopods and friend Hesperornis are no more. Only their stone presentments may be seen in somebody's collection of fossils

But the Glacier and the River are still on the job, toiling away joyfully at their assignment, bent on further ornamenting the mountains of Canada. And all we have to do is to drop off the end of the Grand Trunk Pacific observation car at Mt. Robson or any one of a dozen other points to see them at their work.



The glaciers and rivers are still on the job —bent on further ornamenting the mountains

Next summer, when the mercury hits the hottest day, turn off the electric fan in your superplus-equatorial office, give the store clerk a scare by picking out a warm overcoat; take your hobnailedest shoes and buy a ticket for British Columbia, where it's summer in the basement and twenty below zero up on the flagpole

There are all sorts of mountain-climbing stunts, thoughtfully graded by Glacier and Co. to suit various tastes and adiposities. You don't have to be a 33d degree Alpinist to have all the fun you want.

You leave your camp in the morning, walk and climb a few miles, through forest-country that thins as you go, until blue valleys show between the trunks. At seven thousand five hundred feet the Architect has ruled a line across. Brother Tree may get his toes on that line, but he isn't allowed over—nothing but shaggy bushes, and mountain heathers, and great fields of grass and flowers, and mountain goats. It was July downstairs Here on the roof garden it's riotous, gorgeous spring—hurry-up spring that has to live and bloom and summer and die, all in six weeks.

Then you come to the snow, the wonderful white unmeltable year-round snow that tingles up to the very top o' the world! Take a big breath, a true-north life-breath, filled with the high call of the unreachable—a cold, clear, mountain-breath!

There never was any office—nothing but this splendid, unwearied, age-old whiteness that lives unchanged on these peaks since the first snow fell on the first fold that pushed its way out of the primeval sea.

That's what you feel in these white solitudes. The work has been so slow, so unhurried that you hardly realize it. But even as you stand there, the big snowfield is gently pulling away from the rocks and sliding imperceptibly toward the lower levels, packing and hardening as it goes. Look at it. Follow it to snow-line, and you'll see a long blue-green tongue stretching down from it, with a trickle of water—or a big stream—or a river—running away from the foot of it And the bluegreen ice-tongue is the Glacier.

WHAT does it do, this ice-tongue? First of all, it's a slow-freight. All the rock that falls on it is carried down gradually but surely. Look at the fringe of broken material along its edge. Look at the pile of loose blocks at its melting point.

But the glacier has another function. It's not only a freight. It's a combination of drill and steam shovel. Frozen into its coy under-surface are great boulders that score and dig vast channels and grind the softer rocks into clay.

Once the whole of Canada was scratched and scarred by huge glaciers that dug out beds for the Great Lakes and covered an immense section of the country with gravel and boulders.

The higher Rockies are still in the Glacial Era.

The Berg Glacier, mirrored in the opal depths of Berg Lake, is an easily-reached-and-watched workman. To be sure you can't see him doing very much, but when you remember that the Chief Architect who employs him is one to whom, "A thousand years is but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night," you don't expect to see the big chisseller running around with a stop-watch.

"MAN is so tiny, man is a breath, come and gone," the mountains whisper, "we live; we shall live. We are eternal. The glaciers carve and chisel us in the frozen silences; the shouting river cuts between us. We are borne down stealthily to the sea from which we came up. Ages will pass and we shall be heaved to the light again at the word of command. We are the backbone of the world."

The tiny train crawls through its underground and twisted tube. It bursts out into the light again. After an hour's work it is still in sight of the changeless giants, their rugged heads against the evening sky.

An Unusual Opportunity to Gain Unusual Energy

BY W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train when I met my old friend Hollister, of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

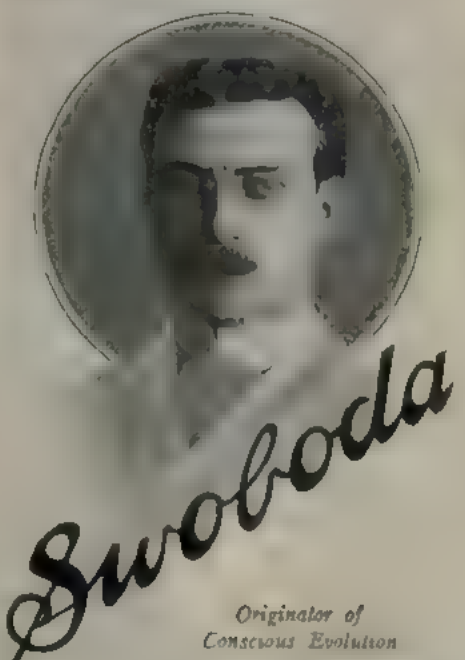
It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red-letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.



Originator of Conscious Evolution

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which by the way is, 1383 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of Canada Monthly—let this be a wonderful day for you; obtain this personal advantage. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS.

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 3 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological

The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1383 Aeolian Building, New York N. Y

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CANADA MONTHLY

Premium Dept. **Toronto, Ont.**

Chief Farmer

Continued from page 98

system of farm schools created by the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Duncan Marshall. They promise in certain ways to be the most helpful schools yet organized by either the provinces or the states. 'From the soil up' briefly expresses the original conception of this form of school. Before a provincial agricultural college will be established, schools for instruction in the immediate art and practice of agriculture are to be created, in which boys and girls who may not have completed a high school or even a grade course can find opportunity to learn sound farming methods."

In connection with each school is a demonstration farm, and the significance of these farms, as Mr. Marshall points out, lies in the fact that they are such as any of the boys attending may have an ambition to build up for himself during his life time; that is, they are neither too large, nor abnormal in soil or equipment.

What do the farmers themselves think of the schools? I met one old gentleman who said that his son, before attending one of them, was entirely dissatisfied with farm life and longed to go to the city and its moving picture shows, but that after one term, he came back an enthusiastic and efficient farmer, determined to treat well the land well and to leave it fallow when necessary, and to keep improving the quality of his stock, with an intelligent and genuine interest in all phases of rural life, social as well as business. That boy now could not be driven off the farm.

I met another farmer [illegible] living near Vermilion school. I did not care about the school, he explained. It was my old woman who would send my boy to the school. He went. He did well. He's a good farmer now; he can also shoe the horses and fix the plough when it is broke. I like that boy. I bought him yesterday a suit case. It cost me thirty dollars."

I have already spoken about Duncan Marshall's determination to keep the schools and the system practical. He gave us a couple of examples himself. At the time, we were sitting in the guise of pupils in the desks of one of the class rooms at the Olds School. Marshall used to be a newspaper man, but he would have made a good teacher too. His face beamed with enthusiasm, and his body swayed with vigor as he told about the work done by the young men and women of the schools, and how he had to fight to keep the institutions from deteriorating into centres of theoretical luxuries.

"One domestic science instructor,

Business is booming!

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Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had a record crop, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, a great many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

Canada has, in proportion to population, greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any other country in the world.

Millions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

Last month the N. C. R. in Canada had the largest sales of any month in the past seventeen.

President of the National Cash Register Co. (Signed) John H. Patterson

Write for Booklet to
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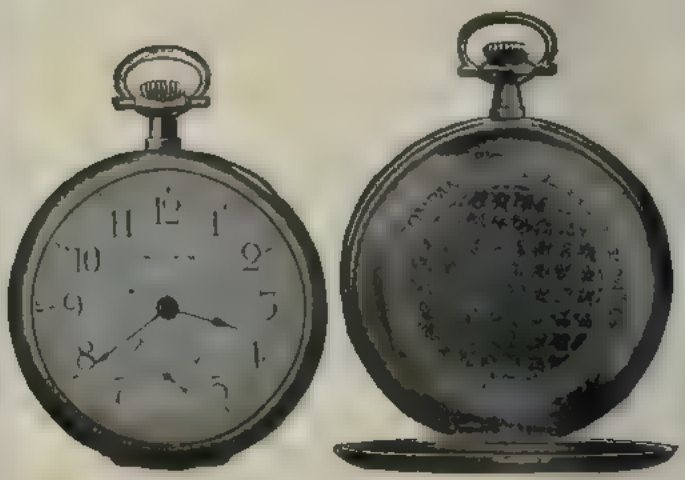
for everyone for Christmas

For the Soldier
From $12.00 up

For Her

This is the famous watch with the disappearing eye which can be worn either as a bracelet watch or by detaching the bracelet as an ordinary watch



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This Marsh Watch has an inner protector which permits the use of a thin gold case without endangering the movement. $24.00 and upwards.

Thin Watches for Men

The Waltham "Colonial" thin watches are like a mere wafer in the pocket—yet they are splendid time keepers. They range in price from $29.00 upwards.

Waltham Watches as Christmas gifts are sure to be appreciated. The Waltham name vouches for their quality and makes certain their welcome. If you would be interested in seeing other Waltham models, we would like to send you without charge our illustrated booklet.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal

he told us with a vivid gesture of disdain, "wanted an electric heater, no less, for her work in the kitchen. I told her that her girl pupils would be using coal and wood ranges in their own houses, and that she herself would have to use the same thing or nothing at all. Then there were two science masters. They wanted $1,200 worth of equipment. 'All you need,' I told them plainly, 'is an iron pot and a stirrer.' Finally, the estimates were cut down to $200. The equipment was sufficient, and the boys were taught to make the best of such material as would likely be available on an Alberta farm or homestead."

Like everything else in Alberta, her agricultural schools are cosmopolitan. Only about half the total enrollment of 285 pupils are of Canadian or British descent; the other half include many peoples, chiefly Americans, Norwegians, French and Germans. A look at the student roster at the Olds School, for instance, will show such names as these: Grotz, Paulson, Sundberg, Hansen, Mangan, Kroetsch, Johanson, Deadrich, Kuester, Sorenson, Blois, Reist, Guenther, and Bjoinson. Not the least important service these foreigners are doing for the schools is the introduction of the folk dances of various European nations. This is a cultural advantage of no mean importance especially to the English and Canadian students, most of whom, alas, know nothing of the dance as an art, or of the gayety and the lightness which go with it. The majority of the students, when they enter, either cannot dance at all, or if they say they can and try it, it is a case of walking over their partners, instead of gliding with them. Although dancing is not on the curriculum it is nevertheless remarked that some very accomplished dancers have been graduated from the institutions.

The outstanding merits of the Alberta plan of agricultural teaching are its vigor and its democracy. One almost wonders where such thoroughgoing democracy and such abounding vitality could come from, until one sees the fountain head of the inspiration. "Pep" is a popular word in the United States, just now; in spite of its popularity it is a most expressive word, and one of the chief components of "pep" in Alberta's Minister of Agriculture. Both his parents were Highland Scotch; they came to Canada, and he was born, in Bruce County, Ontario, forty three years ago, and went West in 1905. He combines the virtues of Scotland, Ontario, and the Canadian West, with the Western traits predominating.

Marshall's energy is not confined to the service of the people and the State, although most of it does find an outlet there. It also breaks forth when he drives a car. He is about the speediest and yet the steadiest and strongest driver in Alberta. He drove us from his farm at Olds to Calgary, a distance of sixty five miles over the Edmonton-Calgary trail, which in some places is as smooth as a carriage road, and in other spots boldly crosses streams without a bridge or any other artificial aid. Over the whole route, Marshall drove at full speed.

He has still another elixir of life, even more magical than a speedy car. He owns a large farm and ranch near Olds, in beautiful rolling country, with the Rockies in sight on the Western horizon. To spend an afternoon there, to see a round-up of his cattle and his sons' herd of Shetland ponies, galloping madly across the prairies with the most gorgeous backgrounds of sun and sky and cloud, is not only to envy Duncan Marshall, but to understand the real secret of his ever-refreshed vigor. And it is the people of Alberta who profit most from this rich vitality.

After a busy morning

THE pleasure of shopping may cause you to forget that you are hungry and fatigued till you are on the point of reaching home. On such occasions, or, in fact, whenever you want food quickly, a cup of **OXO** is just the thing. It can be prepared in a moment.

It is a good plan to take a cup of **OXO** whenever you experience fatigue, or have to expose yourself to wet or cold. It is wonderfully refreshing, and fortifies against sudden changes of temperature.

Each OXO CUBE is enclosed in a neat dust-proof wrapper, and can be served as daintily as afternoon tea

A CUBE TO A CUP

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

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Roadster $825

Electrically Lighted and Started

HERE'S another Overland model. A brand new car at a brand new price. Many people prefer a car with the advantages of the larger and higher priced cars, but that is smaller and more economical to run.

Model 75 is a motor car built to satisfy with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only $850.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars per day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

The tires are four inch all around because we believe in the advantage of large tires.

They insure greater mileage and comfort than can be obtained from the smaller size used on other cars of similar specifications.

It has demountable rims with one extra.

The motor is four cylinder, long stroke block type, having a 3½ inch bore and 5-inch stroke. Horsepower is 20-25. It is of the most modern design.

It has high tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

The electric starting and lighting system is one of the most efficient on the market. It is the Delco unit type.

The large electric headlights are dimmers.

The control switches are on the steering column. This is the most convenient and safest method used on cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest riding and most durable springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is assured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a one-man mohair top.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that it is your ideal of a modern automobile, or near ideal at a most reasonable price.

Other Overland models are—Model 83 five passenger touring car $1,050; the famous Overland Six seven passenger touring car $1600. All prices are f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

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Full set of tools

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 609

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

How Green are Thy Leaves

Continued from page 75.

"So I stayed up and watched with him, and he talked about home and the beautiful Norway and the great happiness of his youth, and the people he used to know, and how good his father and his uncle were. He would stop sometimes and his mind would wander a little, and always then he would hum parts of a little song I had often heard him sing at the piano, a song he said they used to sing when he was a student at the University. It was about a Christmas tree, and it said something like 'O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, how green are thy leaves'. Then he would doze and wake up easily and say, 'Hello, Matthiesen, why don't you go to bed?' and I would say I was not sleepy, and I always staid up the night before Christmas anyway.

"WELL, about seven o'clock I went out to get some breakfast. He was sleeping like a baby then. When I came back he had waked up and he smiled at me, but I could see he was changing. It made me faint, for it was hard to see him go, but I put a good face on it and tried to jolly him up a little. Usually he drank beer, you know—and my! But he could take a lot of it! But I knew how to make a cocktail that he liked now and then, and I thought of that, and I said:

"'Bjork, what shall I get you for breakfast, and I'll mix you a cocktail first.'

"'Thank you, Matthiesen,' he said. 'I'm not hungry yet. And about that cocktail'

"He stopped for a minute and smiled to himself.

"'Matthieson,' he said, 'when I was a little boy I used to love to dig in the earth and plant things and watch them grow. I liked to raise pretty little flowers like violets and lilies-of-the valley. Father noticed me, and used to let me tell him about those things. We had a big garden and he had the gardener measure off a little piece, not much more than the size of the floor of this room, and told him to do whatever I wanted. So I had him bring me compost, and I made a rich soil, and began to grow lilies-of-the-valley such as they never before had seen—great, beautiful, wax-white lilies, perfumed like paradise; and the neighbors would be pleased when I would give them bunches for the table, and father was very proud. They were such pure, tender flowers as I never since have seen. They were incense and a prayer, all innocent'——

Well, Matthiesen, it is good of you to think of that cocktail, for

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"CEETEE"
UNDERCLOTHING
ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

NOT only is it manufactured by a firm who established themselves in Canada over 56 years ago—but a firm who have succeeded in producing woolen underclothing (CEETEE) that is not surpassed *anywhere in the world*—not even in the Old Country—so famous for the high quality of its woolen goods.

When the British Government came to Canada looking for army underwear, ours was the only firm in Canada that had the necesary machines to produce the garments according to the samples which they brought with them. Therefore, they were compelled to change their specifications so that other knitting companies could be given some work immediately

'CEETEE' Underclothing is all made on these special machines from only the finest Australian merino wool obtainable. This wool is combed and combed until every possible particle of foreign matter is taken out, and it is washed until it is as clean as human ingenuity can make it. The yarn is then *knitted* to fit the human form. This is why it sets so neatly over the body, making the outer clothing fit as perfectly as possible.

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In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children

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Get Your Farm Home from the Canadian Pacific

GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, schools, railway facilities, markets, transportation and close contact with the world. Think of twenty years to pay. Think of crops which in a single year have paid for the land many times over. Think of the many farmers who have become wealthy on land bought from the Canadian Pacific. Then write us for our literature and learn how you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre, irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many thousand farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

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In the right conditions you want to progress as a successful man of farming experience. I have suffered farm [illegible] to carry on the work with no other security than the land itself and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and in your ability to create prosperity for yourself and family. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, tank and well, etc. —interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance horses, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under certain conditions. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 6 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established, ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. Some improved farms have houses and buildings, well fenced fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results. All planned and completed by practical men who know your agricultural problems. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of the Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. We can now supply such low prices and **twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us know what you have for sale and tell us what you can do for it. If you have friends in the East or in other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY always the best day.**

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

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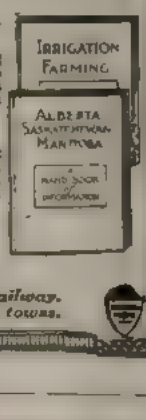

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great populations, which means highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last great West. The present time your opportunity. Investigate. You owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first, so time is precious. **Write today for books illustrated.**

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Dean's Canoes always lead—the newest designs, the latest ideas are creations of the Dean Factory. Deans set the pace others follow. Following the famous Sunnyside Cruiser comes our last word in canoes, the "Torpedo" design.

$5.00 **THIS IS WORTH FIVE DOLLARS TO YOU!** $5.00

This coupon is worth the sum of Five Dollars to be applied on the purchase of any one of our canoes. Just clip this out, send in your name and address, and catalogue will be sent you with details and prices. When ordering your canoe Five Dollars will be allowed on the purchase price if this coupon is sent us. (Only one coupon may apply on a purchase.)

$5.00 FOOT OF YORK ST **WALTER DEAN** TORONTO, ONT. $5.00

I know what is in your heart, and I know I am dying. Now, if you want to do old Bjork one last favor, I'll tell you how.

"'You go to the nearest florist and buy a little bunch of the freshest lilies-of-the-valley they have, and bring them here, and lay them on my breast, close up to my chin, and lift up my hands, Matthiesen—I am not very strong this last morning, old man,—and lay them over the flowers, so I can feel them while their breath mingles with mine; and then leave me alone a little while. For—Matthiesen—when I go up to the gates of pearl, I think I will stand a better chance with St. Peter if I bring the fragrance of lilies-of-the-valley than I would if I went there smelling like a cocktail'. He smiled a little when he said that.

"I did what he asked me. I brought the flowers, and laid them on his breast and folded his hands over them; and he thanked me in a whisper and a soft look came into his eyes. I left him there. And in a half hour when I went back—

"The suffusion had reached his heart and his eyes were closed, but all the lines had gone out of his face, and he looked—O, my God!"

He fell silent. Then in his broad speech he spoke an epitaph:

"Bjork is dead. Ay hope hay ban en haaven. I tank he is."

The Human Side of Shrapnel

Continued from page 78.

rendered national service. Why not Shrapnel? If he asked for recognition, compensation, let not the criticism rest upon him who asked, but upon the Government which withheld.

I make no idle statement in saying that a book could be filled with letters of appreciation and testimonials from military and naval men regarding the effectiveness of the Spherical Case Shot, as the shell was then called. For there is such a book actually in existence, composed of letters from such commanders in the field as Col Rowe R. A., Sir Henry Torrens, Capt. Lake Sir Robert Sale, Lord Keane, Sir William Nott, Sir George Pollock, Sir George Wood, etc., and the Duke of Wellington, himself. One is here given, not as an example of epistolatory excellence, but as an evidence that so fitting acknowledgment to Shrapnel was considered a foregone conclusion.

Dated Holyhead, 18th Oct., 1808.

"I shall have great pleasure in testifying at any time the great benefit which the Army, lately under my command, derived from the use of his Spherical Case Shot in two sections

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and read carefully, a history of the war that is not a mere budget of "war news" but a true story of the events enacted, what led up to them and the result—such a history is

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with the enemy. A benefit which I am convinced will be enjoyed whenever they shall be judiciously used. I consider however it very desirable that this invention and the use which the British Armies have made of it, should not be made public. Our enemies are not aware of the cause of the effect of our Artillery of which they have complained, and we may depend upon it that any public motion or notice of the benefits which we have derived from the use of this description of shot would make them immediately try to adopt it. At the same time I consider Colonel Shrapnel to be entitled to a very ample reward for his ingenuity and the science he has proved he possesses, by the great perfection to which he has brought this invention; and more particularly so because I am of the opinion that public interests require that the advantages we have derived from the use of this weapon, should not be made public, and he is therefore deprived of that Fame and Honour which he could otherwise have enjoyed. I am ready to give that opinion whenever it may be wished, and to assist by every means in my power to procure a reward for Lieutenant Colonel Shrapnel.

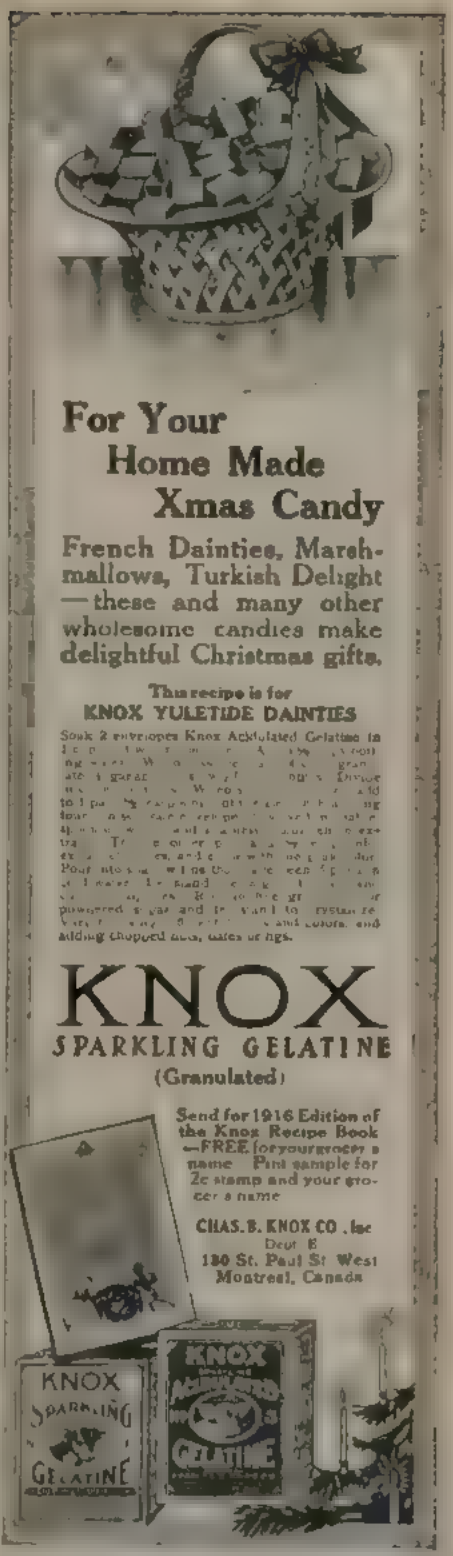
(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

ON September 10th, 1813, Colonel Shrapnel (promoted in June of the same year) addressed a communication to the Board of Ordnance in which he said:—"I have devoted my time these twenty-eight years past, and have been most unremitting in my exertions to bring this fire to the great excellence and repute it is in, which has cost me several thousand pounds from my private purse."

To which the Board replied, "We have no funds at our disposal for the reward of merit!"

One can almost *feel* the mental stagger Colonel Shrapnel must have received at this curt response. Perhaps it was the first intimation of the attitude of certain members of the Government toward him; at any rate the human side of the man comes prominently to the fore in his bitter reply. He said, "Those who have used this new weapon have Titles, Honours, Rewards and Thanks from both Houses of Parliament, whilst the Inventor is unheard of!"

Even had ambition and a desire for just dealing played no further part in his life, actual financial stress would have prompted him to continue his petitions for compensation. In all he spent a fortune of $150,000 on his inventive work, using every cent upon which he could lay his hands, keeping his family in most moderate circumstances and leaving them practically destitute.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Ultimately, he found support in Lord Chatham, Mr. Percival and Sir John Sinclair who insisted that some material acknowledgment be made to Shrapnel, which recommendation only served to increase the antagonism of the Board of Ordnance. This body worded the terms of his pension to read so that it included "all his other important improvements in Artillery," which was not in the least intended. The Board further seriously restricted his emoluments and perquisites in a most astounding manner; The East India Company sensible of the fact that shrapnel shells were largely responsible for the security of their vast possessions in India, allowed the inventor a royalty of sixpence a shell. "The Board arbitrarily took advantage of this, and supplied the shells direct, themselves, whereby Shrapnel was deprived of many pounds justly due him."

Being advised of this injustice, the East India Company, after some years of correspondence, insisted through their Board of Directors, that Shrapnel benefit financially from their patronage. The Board of Ordnance then granted two hundred pounds annually to the inventor.

BUT the strangest official juggling is yet to be told.

The pension first mentioned was used as an excuse for an extraordinary breach of military etiquette. I quote from the Petition addressed to the Parliament of 1868;

Unintentionally on the part of the Crown and through the machinations of the then Board of Ordnance, the Pension. . . was reconstructed in such a form and manner as to operate as a direct bar to its becoming the benefit or reward intended. For it is officially, Regimentally and publicly known that Lord Bloomfield who was considerably junior to General Shrapnel in the Artillery as well as in the Service, was, in direct opposition to the established Rule of the Royal Artillery, placed over the head of General Shrapnel, his senior officer—both in the Service and in the Regiment;. . . General Shrapnel having, in consequence, to wait some years for his Battalion, lost four thousand seven hundred pounds, which sum devolved to the enjoyment of his junior officer, Lord Bloomfield. . . . The General was refused his right of succession and all its advantages upon the ground of his Pension for other services."

In other words, had he made no inventions, had he received no "special pension," he would have been better off than he ever was having accomplished both these things; for when, after some years he *was* given a Battalion, his total emolument, including

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It lends its own delicious savor to breakfast; while it is, in fact and fancy, the finishing touch to the perfect dinner.

While on the subject of coffee it is apropos to direct attention to the unquestioned popularity of perhaps the best known brand of coffee on the Canadian market—Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" Coffee.

In fact "Seal Brand" has come to be a standard of comparison for the housewife, who appreciates the unchanging quality and exquisite flavor of this famous blend.

To those who consider coffee an essential part of the perfect meal, Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" will be thoroughly satisfying in every way.

this much contested special pension, was less than that of any of his predecessors!

SOON after his promotion to a Lieutenant Generalship, he was invited to the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, the honoured guest of His Majesty William IV., who personally acknowledged his appreciation of Shrapnel's services and signified his Royal intention of conferring some signal honor upon the inventor

It is not strange that Shrapnel asked for a baronetcy. An Englishman's pride in his name is strong, and it seems that the King approved of this request, pointing out, however, that such a claim must be submitted through the First Lord of the Treasury. But before anything was done, both the sovereign and his subject died, and the latter's son—Major Henry Shrapnel absent for many years on Foreign Service, was too far removed from the centre of the conflict, so to speak, to follow up His Majesty's promise

He died a disappointed old man, and he was buried in the chancel of the Bradford-on-Avon church. In his will, there was a clause asking that the Government should yet bestow some public reward upon his family, "in consideration of the valuable services rendered to my country by my shells, during the late wars, and of the numerous victories which were gained by the use of them." The most important is of course Waterloo. Sir George Wood commanding the artillery at Waterloo village wrote:—"Had it not been for 'shrapnel' shells, it is doubtful whether any effort on the part of the British could have recovered the farmhouse of La Hays Sainte." In the book of testimonials above referred to, there is a sketch made by Sir George showing the position of the opposing forces and *how* the shells save the day.

Whether or not the Government was justified in witholding favors from General Shrapnel, it is not mine to question. But I often wonder if, lying in the chancel of the quaint old church, he can hear his name spoken from the lips of millions of people; if he knows aught of satisfaction as the earth trembles and the air grows rank from the explosion of the shells he turned loose upon the world?

Mr. Greene (just arrived in town, stepping into bank)—"I am looking for Mr. Gawn. He's an old friend of mine. I supposed he was still cashier of the bank. Has he left the bank?"

Manager of Bank (looking dejectedly at empty safe)—"Yes, sir. He has left the bank. That's about all he did leave."

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Making Movies

Continued from page 85

airships for film purposes. One of these required a "Zeppelin" to overtake an express train. When immediately above the train, the hero slid down a long rope and climbed onto the rear platform, where he, as we might have known, took the villain by the throat and clasped the hefty heroine to his forty-inch chest. Of a rather similar character was the drama where the wily rogue of the piece lures the leading lady into the basket of his balloon and would have soared safely into the empyrean, had not Jack Dalton, the open-faced avenger from the local fire brigade, come up at the last moment, grabbed one of the dangling guy ropes and hauled himself up unseen, hand over hand, until—well, I'm not going to give the thing away

REALISM in surroundings gives plenty of play for the director's ingenuity, as well as his backer's pocket book. While no expense is spared in getting what is *actual*, the Rocky Mountains are usually regarded as good enough for an Alpine tragedy, or a mining comedy in the South American Andes. Florida, with its palms and dense swamps, is regularly made to serve as Brazil or the Samoan Islands, should the play demand those surroundings.

In a certain New Jersey village, the inhabitants have become, through long custom, icily immune to even the extremest "realism" of the picture makers. Their streets have practically been given up to mimic accidents, rescues, fires and every other exciting thing that goes to make a modern film. The houses have been rented, reconstructed, burned down at times—all to make a story. Fields have been levelled for aeroplanes, and meadows kicked to hard-pan by the combats of Indian tribes, cavalry troopers and Caesar's legions. Here on Monday morning walks Napoleon; Tuesday brings Hannibal; Wednesday maybe, Mr. Roosevelt; and Thursday, Peter the Hermit. There's no telling what expediency may demand next. It was in the neighborhood of this village that Terrible Teddy "came out of the jungle" after his famous hunt in Africa, the impersonator of the ex-president gravely stepping from a mile of New Jersey marsh-grass and receiving the plaudits of his co-nationals. This was taking with a vengeance and its like is seldom seen. It became necessary one day to stage "The Toll of The Sea". The rocks along a neighboring plateau looked across—no, *not* the surging sea, but an acre of common cornfield. However, by keeping the line of rocks on the camera's skyline,

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

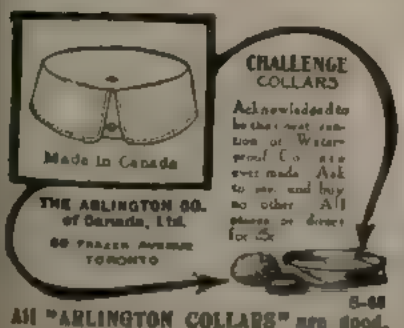
184

the "leap for life" was staged quite as well by the villain leaping from the rock bound plateau six feet downward to the aforesaid cornfield. The film looked so genuine that an onlooker in the picture theatres could almost feel the Atlantic fog.

SPEAKING of realism draws one's attention to a novel film obtained in July last by a camera man of the American Film Manufacturing Co., Fourteen futile attemps were made to photograph a flash of lightning and the simultaneous fall of a man supposedly struck down. On the fifteenth effort success crowned the photographer's perseverance and the picture of the flash will soon be cast on a thousand screens. Another picture company has arranged to build at great cost a mimic battleship, which will be blown up by a genuine torpedo as part of the action of a "war drama". Then if you want to know to what atrocious lengths the American sense of humor or ludicrousness, or whatever it had best be called, can be stretched, here comes William Sulzer, ex-Governor of New York State, once a popular idol and later a proved grafter and mountebank, posing in a specially written film drama called "The Governor's Boss." In Mr. Sulzer's own words, he seeks "not gold or fame," but merely wishes to show how his fall was brought about by crooked politicians.

While Canadian railways have to a slight extent utilzied movies in various forms of instruction for their employes, and Canadian colleges and schools have edged into the new pedagogical idea with some appetite, it has been left for such United States institutions as the Columbia College and School of Journalism of New York to harness the film to its full uses. There are students of English literature, science, economics, history and even psychology, go each week to Columbia's movie theatre and witness the things they have been told about and which, lacking the picture camera, they would have no chance to visualize. In the English literature courses, pictures are given of the homes of famous authors and the scenes of their various works. For the industrial courses, industrial methods are filmed similarly in history instruction the student is taken by the genius of the screen to places where great events had their birth

THE motion picture had played no outstanding part in connection with the European War. Obviously the standards of restriction that can invent such censorships as we have seen in England and France and Italy to-day takes double precautions that news is not filmed. In a very few instances camera men risked their lives and ob-



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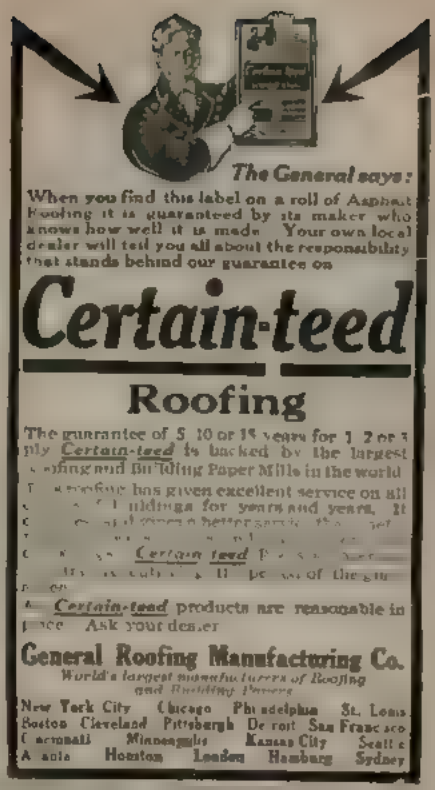

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tained brief and clouded glimpses of an attack on Belgium trenches by the advancing Germans. Plenty of films were shown of refugees fleeing from Flanders, the ruin of villages and homesteads and such like material away from the actual fighting line. Any camera poking up its head in the vicinity of the trenches was instantly confiscated and the operator imprisoned or deported. Probably the only genuine photographic records of trench digging, fighting and the dead-in-earnest war manoeuvres were those taken by order of the German General Staff as models to record and to guide plans of future instruction. These entertaining strips of celluloid, however, will certainly never see "a release date" unless some good Canadian soldier pries them out of a warehouse when he gets to Berlin.

As far as the writer is aware, only one company, the Conness-Till organization of Toronto, has found picture-play manufacture profitable in Canada. The reason is not very different from that accounting for the dearth of Canadian-made plays. First, the financial difficulties are enormous; second, the Canadian picture-fan has nothing distinctively Canadian in his fiction appetite but sees good entertainment in a good film whether it springs from Los Angeles or Winnipeg. Should any reader have under consideration an investment in the motion picture industry (and fraudulent advertisements along this line are filling the cheap magazines and newspapers at the present time), let him consider that in the last few years quite a score of companies have tried to break into the producing end of the business and have run upon disaster. The standard unit of picture measure is a reel of 1,000 feet, the wholesale price of which is $100. To install a machine and plant in a hall that will produce such a picture before the public costs from $200 to $400, not to speak of rents, advertising, etc., etc.

Usually a programme contains as many as five reels. If the picture theatre man purchased these films he would have to have 5,000 paid admissions per day to pay the purchase price alone. But, of course, nobody purchases his film outright; renting is the common system. That has brought into existence the Film Exchange which shoulders the expensive task of buying the film outright from the manufacturer and leasing to the theatorium at a cost for, say five reels, $200 downward per week. The modern Exchange is an institution of very large capital, and therefore limited in numbers. Its function is to purchase the entire output from the film manufacturers and take the profits from rentals. It is estimated that to start another Exchange organized on lines as gigantic as those

already in the field in America would cost from five to ten million dollars. Of course, some profits are undoubtedly large for the film makers, as, for instance, with one firm that realized last year $700,000 on an investment of $100,000 in a famous serial. At the "retail" end of the business occasional large profits are also met with, but if one took into consideration the millions that have been lost in picture theatres in this country and the United States during the past ten years, I have some doubt on which side of the ledger the result would fall.

HOW moving pictures are produced, how the companies are rehearsed, whether they speak intelligible language or mumble in dumb-show, and a thousand other detailed mysteries of the rehearsal hall have naturally become matters of intense curiosity. The writer cannot venture more than briefly into such a realm in an article devoted to other phases of motion pictures.

The rehearsal halls for interior scenes are large and commodious and so arranged that on the same floor and within sight of all engaged three or four scenes of the same or different dramas may be in operation at the same time, each with a camera before it clicking down its graphic record. Thus, the first reel of a nonsensical travesty and the final reel of a tear-stricken tragedy may be enacted within arm's length of each other, the fact arousing no one's sense of disparity and confusing not even the newest property boy. Outdoor scenes are staged, of course, in the most adaptable surroundings. The sand dunes of the Western States have served scores of times as the Sahara Desert, over which Arab steeds and riders dashed at breakneck speed. Every play is carefully rehearsed many times before the final film is taken and attitudes, gestures, facial expression, etc., disciplined into conformity with the fabric of the plot until the chance of "hit or miss" is pretty well eliminated. One of the facts of picture acting which the veteran of the regular stage must knuckle down to is that all gestures or movements must be timed much slower for the camera than for the naked eye. A matter of no little curiosity is the maintaining of realism by the players themselves in the intimate scenes of a drawing or dining room where the spectator sees of the finished film cannot very well represent absolute [illegible] lessness on the part of those who appear in the film. As a matter of fact, the actors in such a scene receive only instructions as to position, their motives toward this or that individual which they are called upon to make clear to the audience, exits and entrances, and all such physical movement connected with the plot. Only the leading [illegible] have knowledge of the scenario, the minor people taking the director's

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Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

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Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

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on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

instructions blindly. Here, as an illustration, are words passing between a "naval commander" and a woman spy, tete-a-tete in an aristocratic drawing room. With the camera clicking away, it is necessary for the commander to demonstrate his interest in the fascinating lady. And so he says:

"THE plans are ready. Oh, yes, they are, Miss Woodruff (the actress' own name), I finished them to-day. It is the greatest so-and-so and so-and-so, and it will stay submerged for two days. It's going to be some submarine, believe me."

A moment later the Director himself took a hand in the acting; not liking the way a certain player managed a scene, he cast aside his manuscript, ordered the camera to quit clicking, and thereupon dashed into the scene and acted it out himself. This is how the director's monologue sounded to the waiting company

"You come in stealthily, look around, see you are alone and cross to the switch here. Take an easy pose until the lights come up. By the way, props"—the director interrupted himself—"be quick on those skylight curtains. When the lights are on," he resumed, "you come down stage to the desk like this, see? Go through the drawers hurriedly, looking for the plans. Overturn some of the papers; you don't find them—not there; disgusted—see?" The acting director played out each bit of "business" as he spoke. "Then you cross to the wall and look under the picture. Nothing there. In bringing your hand down you feel this panel loosen—see? You try it; it opens; look in. There they are; the plans!" The director had worked himself into the part, and he gave his ability full swing. "You grin villainously; grab the plans; sneer at the flag—see? Rip it off; throw it on the floor—that's where you will get your hisses. Then you spread out the plans; look 'em over; smile, satisfied; roll 'em up; shake your fist at the Star Spangled Banner, and go off the way you came in."

His face blazing from his efforts at simulation, the director shook out his shoulders, walked back to the stand and knocked the ashes off his unfinished cigar.

The Bishop

Continued from page 101.

is time. The diocese of Edmonton includes 35,000 square miles, holding 27 different congregations, 26 of which are missions. Of necessity, the Bishop must be away a great deal, and to his sorrow, he has not been able to plan and work for, and be with the boys as much as of yore.

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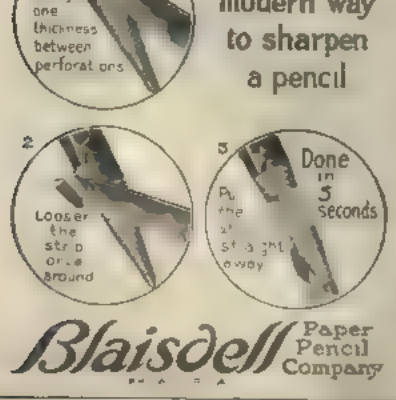

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Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company

When he first came to Edmonton and the city was young, one of the first moves the Bishop made was to establish a Boys' Institute with gymnasium, reading rooms, and tennis court. Anything of this kind had been practically unknown in Edmonton heretofore. The establishment of the Institute was accomplished with the assistance of some of the prominent citizens, who gladly gave financial help and the use of the grounds. Out of this grew in time the Boys' Brigade movement which flourished six or seven years, developing into the Cadet campaign, for Bishop Gray always had his eye on what was taking part in other parts of the globe; his boys were never behind.

These were all pioneer movements, and anyone who has tried the organizing and whipping into shape of any such projects as these, knows just exactly how much work there is connected with them. The public schools eventually took up the Cadet movement, which is very well handled by them at present, the ground being broken, and minds open for the work.

Speaking of the Boy Scout movement which came still later, Bishop Gray has a word to say and it is this: "Mothers will insist on dressing their infants in Boy Scout uniform, as soon as they can waddle out of the perambulator, hence the killing of the Boy Scout movement."

"In the west, where boys develop so quickly, you are not going to get the big boys—who are really useful,—ambitious to be men, to take an interest in the scout movement which they say, these days, is only a kid affair."

The Bishop does not consider the Boy Scout movement a success in the west for the above reasons, and he thinks it the greatest pity in the world that such a condition of affairs should exist

In the earlier days, Bishop Gray served three terms on the Edmonton Public School Board, and resigned the position in order that he might become a judge of the juvenile court, which position he holds to-day, and I think in his heart of hearts, he considers it his greatest honor. It is laughable to one who knows him, to see the Bishop in his capacity as judge, being fearfully hard-hearted with the offender. Never does he lighten a sentence or let anyone off easily, on his own initiative. When he delivers the decision to the woe-begone culprit, he dwells on its severity and length, and then usually adds: "Mr. So-and-so (clerk of the court, assistant judge, or whoever he can find to lay the blame upon) "thinks your sentence should be remitted to such and such an extent, and out of consideration to his wishes I will do as he asks."

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You cannot fool the boys, though. They know who gets them as light a sentence as possible, and gives them every chance in the world—that is of course, when they show their willingness to benefit by it. The Bishop can be stern, and he will have no half way work with evil doers. He carries with him, when occasion demands the full majesty of the law, and the high dignity of his position. When one knows that last year 90 per cent of the juvenile court cases were successful one can understand the encouragement with which the work is meeting and the tactful manner with which the boys are dealt

Very seldom indeed are they sent to the reformatory. For the first offence they receive a serious reprimand, the enormity of the offense, the consequences etc., are dwelt upon, and the boy who has only made a slip may never make it again after that one terror-striking ordeal. No one but the boy knows how thankful he is to be at liberty again after a petty theft, possibly, and that experience in the seclusion of the juvenile court makes him understand what is before him in open police court if he continue in the error of his ways.

For the second offence he is on probation, and must report probably a

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The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
London, Canada.
(No street address necessary) 61

the Bishop's office—every so often. For a third offence he is sent to the country to work on a farm under supervision for six months, or more, and if none of these remedies are sufficient, in rare cases, he is sent to the reformatory, and even then he has a chance.

So the boy in Edmonton gets every opportunity and inducement to remain in the straight and narrow path, and he is keen enough to appreciate this and benefit by it. With the hundreds of newsboys that swarm over the city there is very little trouble. They have their splendid Newsboys' Band, their hockey team, their annual outings and festivals, and they are banded together by that wonderful chain of fairplay and spirit of comaraderie which has its direct source in the Bishop and his associates in the work.

What about the ecclesiastical side of the Bishop's life? It moves with the dignity of his high calling; he is the well-beloved and revered Bishop of his diocese, and better still reigns supreme in the hearts of his people. He has been twice abroad, and guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace; he hopes to go again to the Pan-Anglican, but one might venture to guess that he will spend more time poking around London slums seeing what the boys are doing than he will in attending any more functions than he can avoid. "The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power" are decidedly not in His Lordship's line.

Bishop's Gray's home life is very beautiful. It is dedicated to his mother. She has been with him ever since he came to this country, and as goes without saying, her life is bound up in that of her son. To see the Bishop and his mother on the street together is a picture, she so frail and dainty, the typical English gentlewoman—he so rugged and upright. It is a wonderful thing to be entertained in the Bishop's home, and it is not hard to guess who the recipients of his bounty are—young men, often those who need a helping hand; he keeps open house for them.

He sums up his life in these words: "I do what I can," and it probably never crosses his mind that he is doing anything out of the ordinary in giving such a large proportion of his time to the neglected youth of the city. The Bishop is fond of golf, but he rarely gets time to go on the links; he is a great student, and could browse among his books by the hour, but he admits that his time for reading is most limited; he is fond of riding, but he cannot afford to keep a mount, at least he does not feel that he can spare the money for this purpose. Do we not get a reflection here of the Man "Who pleased not Himself," and could the Bishop find any better way of preaching the doctrines of his calling than by living them out?

The Bishop fell on the ice and broke his arm a couple of winters ago, and then was a chance for the boys to shine! Some of the little fellows came to the study and wept over him; the older ones flew on messages, or contrived them, and there was a general conspiracy to see who could do the most and do it the oftenest for the Bishop. It must be all very sweet to him; he must reap some of the reward at once when he sees the eager young faces turned towards better things, when he hears the faltering confessions of wrongs done and of resolves for new beginnings. Bishop Gray will never grow old, not if he lives to see the millennium, and happy are the boys growing up in the west under his regime.

Who Would Have Guessed

that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new

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Coming Back

Continued from page 93.

"Yes, for those books about the joys and beauties and all the attraction of the larger world have been written to idealize it—to show it as it might have been or as it should be. Those books lead young people like you and me, away from our little villages where all our world is, and destroy us in the bigger places. Oh, you will find the city so big and unformed, so crude, so mechanical. It would be all right if you could take your friends and your loves with you to the city, either to live there or to visit."

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"But you would be an awful fool to go as you are now going."

THE girl sat very still. Slowly, the greyness of the late autumn day had deepened. The further distances had merged with the sky.

"But," said the girl, in a small voice, "It isn't fair of you to argue with me like this. You have seen everything. I am going to judge for myself. You don't know how I have longed for this escape from that horrible life. And now, I meet you, a stranger on the road, and I—unhappy—you are so—!"

The young man squirmed uneasily fearing she was going to cry.

"But what will there be for you all alone in the city?" he asked.

"Work! work!" cried the girl. "I can live in an attic and I can feel myself being used, feel my mind working."

"Yes, but no cosey old home," said he. "No books. No big black fireplace to redeem the winter, with the oak benches around it, and the high shelves full of books back there in the shadows. The winter is more desolate for a lonely person in the city than in the country!"

The girl leaped to her feet and took up the suit-case. A queer feeling had come into her at these last words of the young man, they had so faithfully described the doctor's library, the things she loved of home. She said:

"Let me go on to the station alone!"

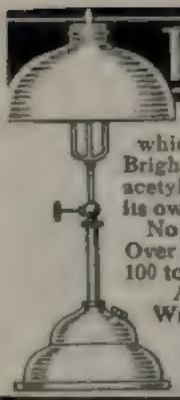
"You will find," said the young man, standing up in the fading light, and looking at her sternly, "that what you need is congenial company—but most of all, home! I admit an ageing doctor and a dead village do not provide much company for a person of your temperament. But you are going, as so many fool girls have gone before you, from what does not satisfy you to what will disillusion you and dry you up, wizen your soul, like a wind-fallen apple."

After a stern pause, he continued—

"Now look! You have found comfort in talking to me, haven't you?"

No answer.

The BEST LIGHT



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"At least, you felt that I feel for you?"

"Yes."

"And you are neither a flip city girl nor a simpering village girl. You have the virtues of both. Let me tell you, I have taken a tremendous liking for you!"

He looked sterner than ever.

"I have not let the sentimental effect of my homecoming intrude on this liking for you. It is a liking bound by the fact that you are suffering the same things I suffered ten years ago!"

The girl was silent.

"Did this old doctor of yours," continued the young man, "ever mention Peter to you?"

"Oh!" gasped the girl.

"Well, I am Peter, his wandering son!"

The girl began a quiet weeping.

"I am Peter, and I was driven to roving by the books; and the blessed old Dad has educated me, while I sought the grail!"

"He will be so glad! Poor old Doctor," cried the girl, "he has talked to me about you for years! I know you as well as I know him! I have often dreamed of your coming home! I thought it might——!"

She began to choke up again.

She needed assistance and for a short, unforgettable moment she got it, her head against the rough tweed coat. Then reality asserted itself. It was only in books—and in cities—that the third act came as quickly.

"Hey!" exclaimed the young man. "What's the matter with us? What are we loafing here for? He'll be sitting by the fireplace by the time we get home. Come on!"

He picked up the bag, and grasped her hand. The two of them strode along the road that sloped neither up nor down, but that had some little romance in it at last.

You

Continued from page 96.

"Now hold on, Watford—" I sparred. But already he was gone. When the crackle of twigs under his feet had utterly died away I leaned on my axe and laughed.

Not to start anything! And he had just told me in as many words that you were coming.

When I turned back from the last post the bark-shorn picket-points were white. Passing the cross-roads on the cliff I noticed that the glint of the sunlight was still upon the rocks. But down in the valley beyond, the picket-points were grey. I hurried. There is no twilight in the bush.

I advanced cautiously, feeling my way over the trunks of trees. Quick as a summer storm the night came on. A porcupine scuttled noisily.

How I regained the trail I do not know. At last I saw the sky-path again and followed it steadfastly, eyes upward, trusting my feet. Ill enough they served me, too, as I decided after a nasty tumble that landed me asprawl, the axe shocked out of my hand and a sharp pain in my shin. My trouser-leg was warm with blood, so I bound it after a fashion and kept on.

It seemed hours before I emerged from the thick bush and toiled up fifty yards of bare cliff. Near the top were four posts banked with stones, looking curiously familiar. Gradually it dawned upon me. This was the cross-roads. *I was turned about on the trail.*

Numbness came over me and for a long time I lay still; when at last I made shift to stir, my leg had stiffened. Stung into sudden, throbbing, nameless fear I moved it quickly and the blood rushed forth again. I collapsed

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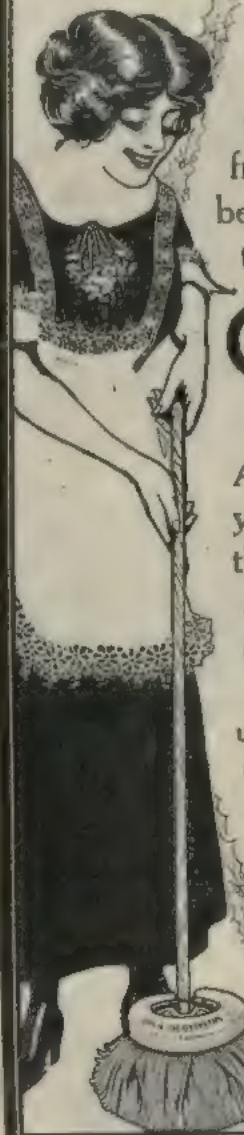

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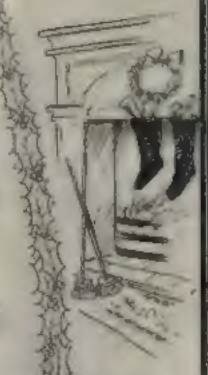

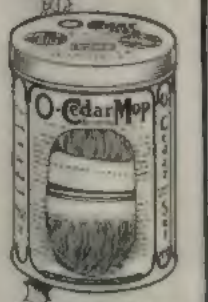

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weakly. The moon, rising from behind a nest of clouds, showed me a line of brilliant picket-points leading away. . . . .

There Watford found me half-frozen, and bandaged my leg rightly, and built a fire.

"I didn't worry about you till it was dark," he explained; "just as I got into the bush the moon came out. Then I saw your axe, and the blood on it. I yelled and yelled, and you answered."

I don't remember answering, but I guess Watford knows.

"I wasn't quite myself, yesterday, Haress," he went on, my arm around his shoulder as we trudged slowly campwards. "I'm sorry. That girl—in the photograph—I could think of nothing else. You'll understand to-day when you see her. Elly Dorley is her name."

I winced, not from the pain in my leg. But I shoved out my free hand and he took it.

"Miss Dorley, Haress. And my sister. And Mr. Banks." I gasped, and flattened back against the pine stump where Watford had propped me, pipe in mouth. Here was I keyed up for tragedy and he introducing the fair woman of the photograph as his sister and the slight, dark one as Miss Dorley. But where were you?

Mrs. Banks finished her inspection of my bandages, and addressed Dick. "Blondey backed out," said she. "Do you know youngster, Blondey's taken the queerest turn since the night we all paddled over to see you and you didn't come through by that train after all. She hasn't been any fun since and she won't tell anybody why. We call her Blondey, Mr. Haress, but really her hair is the most beautiful red. I wanted to bring her over to-day to cheer her up."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be a great success as a cheer leader just now," I said, but my face belied me.

"You must come over soon and see us and try to make Blondey tell you her terrible secret. She's such a dear girl usually. You'll bring Mr. Haress, won't you, Dick—next Sunday?"

"Well, if Callaghan—" Dick's voice from a distance. Already he had made off with Miss Dorley.

"Bother Callaghan! Promise!"

"Sure, sis, if Haress's leg—"

"My leg's better already," I chipped in.

So I asked Dick this morning, casually, when he brought in my bread and bacon. "Who is that other girl—the one who isn't any fun?" I asked.

"Um-m. Something-or-other Belfort. Diana. Oh, yes. Diana Belfort. I think you'll like her."

Diana. That's a better name for you than Blondey. Six days. . . .